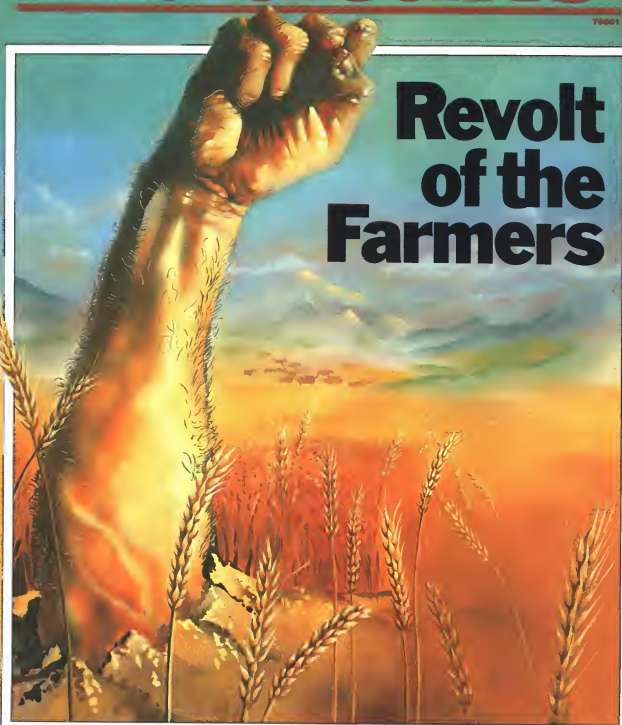


# Maclean's

T0001

## Revolt of the Farmers



## A composite image featuring a red sports car with a floral pattern, a pack of Du Maurier cigarettes, a film strip, and a car wheel hubcap. The top half shows a red sports car with a black floral pattern parked on a grassy area with trees in the background. A person is crouched next to the car. The bottom half shows a pack of Du Maurier cigarettes, a film strip, and a car wheel hubcap on a light-colored surface. The pack is red with white and black stripes and the text "DU MAURIER". The film strip is coiled next to it. The hubcap is silver and features a central emblem.

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The winning of the world: When last observed, Quebec was still a province, but this hasn't stopped a firm establishing orderliness abroad that would make some countries envious. **Page 4**



**Schizophrenia and the Penicillin Connection** A Missouri doctor is claiming that schizophrenia, the most serious mental illness, responds positively to penicillin and he thinks he knows why. **Page 21**



**A stroll on the wild side:** *Overlord's* critics banned the film *Forry Baby* because he didn't like the theme. John Simon has some unfaltering things to say about it, but certainly not one of these. **Dennis**



# Interview

With Gordon Pinsent

Gordon Pinsent's name has been on Canadian lips since the mid-60s when he starred on television as Quercy Dargers, the mythical, moral up-A-daisy, subsequent years of acting, writing and directing have kept this versatile creative man in view. At 47, Pinsent seems to have even more energy and imagination than he did as The Roadrunner, the 1972 movie. He created, wrote and starred in *A Gift to Last*, the recent CBC series that has powered its way into the international marketplace. He is now, characteristically, wrestling with a new three-pronged project for stage, screen and print, centering on the theme, "Is there life after autism?" Pinsent lives Newfoundland, the province of his birth, and though he lives in Toronto, he returns often to visit his quirkily (and visually) challenged. No longer the rowdy young man of his past, he has developed into a serious, private, disciplined writer (taunted with nationalism). He was interviewed for *Maclean's* by free-lance writer Merissa Douglas.

**Maclean's:** What are you trying to do with your writing?

**Pinsent:** A review of my work would parallel steps in my own life. I am certainly aware of certain rules of golf. I seem to have ascribed to a certain amount of sadness in my mother's life. I thought it was best to get out, move around, leave quickly. I thought, "Yes, get it all done now, you don't have to return to my trip too important, so I need to go back, other than to see family." I discovered once I've begun to write that the real is where I wanted to go again. I want to record myself of a way of life, and possibly record the things that I topped over along the way.

**Maclean's:** *Rollie May, in The Cottage to Create* says a work of art is the material result of our attempts to make ourselves feel more comfortable, to get into balance with our feelings.

**Pinsent:** I wish he hadn't said that. I would have said it. I want to feel that comfort, of clearing the slate, of coming to an understanding. It's a strange thing, thinking there is still time to make contact, to go back to the auto. But you can't control the stuff if you're not there. Life does go on and people do go.

**Maclean's:** Do *Newfie* jokes bother you?

**Pinsent:** If people know me, how can they believe in *Newfie* jokes? The jokes are not as funny today as they were, but they'll go on as long as we have problems in our part of the country. It's a way of thinking out. It's



**Newfie jokes are not a silly game; in their heart of hearts the speakers do mean it**

been called a silly game, but it's not. It's their heart of hearts, the speakers mean it, they may not know they mean it.

**Maclean's:** How important is the Canadian search for identity?

**Pinsent:** Part of the confusion in this country is a search of no identity in the confusion of the individual. He can't put a name to what he does immediately. I've done some painting and I know that in search of a focus I can make an awful mess of this or that. An amazing number of people are at the end of a dream. They don't care about it anymore.

**Maclean's:** Why?

**Pinsent:** They know that life is going to go on under whatever regime, under whatever system, to the end of their days. This is not war-time, in which patriotic fever takes over and says, "Oh, let's bundle it together here." There's no heading back, dependence is lost in this country.

**Maclean's:** Are you working on anything new?

**Pinsent:** I'm writing something new that is not as heavily oriented as *A Gift to Last*. I want it off my chest, out of my head. It won't make money, it's not as obviously viable commercial property, but I've got to get it done. Not only that, but I think it's the first thing I've come upon that can be all these—novel, stage play and screenplay.

**Maclean's:** How do you feel the story?

**Pinsent:** I don't, and that's the frustrating thing. John Hitchcock's a dear friend of mine, says, "You've got to get away, go to Greece, put a logo on the fire and write one

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only. Stop this silly hoarding of award shows and all the other garbage." "They say you can't do 10 things in once. I certainly want to do two things at once. I'm doing that now. *Barry* successfully." **Maclean:** *It's like a win-lose.*

**Pinsent:** I used to write very heavy on the narrative and take dialogue and so on. I have fairly recently learned to cut back on a lot of that and go straight for plot. If the line doesn't work for my medium—stage television, film—writing line is going to work.

**Maclean:** *Do you discipline yourself to a certain amount of time every day?*

**Pinsent:** Six or eight hours a day. I could sit at my desk morning or evening, but morning is better. I like to be working on more than one thing. If one isn't working it's awful, because I stop writing in the middle and say there's no point going to work if I think that. I'm afraid to stop for a moment because I might find a larger excuse and stop altogether.

**Maclean:** *What if you are writing for?*

**Pinsent:** Myself, really. If I don't please myself, then I'm selling myself down the drain. They won't get what's real, and they won't get the complete picture. The only reader I can count on is myself. I'm interested in it as the moment's reaching people. That could be part of television's answer, who knows? Success in this country is like a train, the train comes to a stop, the train leaves with it. Suddenly there's silence. Waiting for the next train. These guys we create vary well in this country. We've got to close the gaps.

**Maclean:** *What trends do you see in television?*

**Pinsent:** From now on, things are going to get better. From Parliament to the man in the street. We may not have the luxury anymore to produce things that pertain only to Canada. We should be concerned with programs ideas, concepts that are far more international than they have been.

**Maclean:** *How did she end up in this number?*

**Pinsent:** No, I don't think so. Not according to the government. As far as the media is concerned, I think the government is going to stand a lot more than ever. It will use it as an instrument saying, "Come on, folks, we need all that extra money, we need to cut budgets here and there in order to get government word-of-mouth going, and you're going to stand doing what you're told." I think there'll be trouble in the years to come. As a matter of fact, the way that people are reacting is that the cnc says "The hell with it" and hands all responsibility over to private enterprise. That means "All you critics of the system come out. You're making me the money, the know-how to produce. It's on my package." Then we'll be in a position to choose what is good and what is not good: be Canadians for Canada. Then the artists would come out of the woodwork. Everybody's going to have a say and how their ideas are feasible. Poor cnc and I say poor

cnc because I always thought the corporation. I know the limitations. The best will still come up through the cracks.

**Maclean:** *It's that how the character of a country defines itself? Through the artist?*

**Pinsent:** Exactly. And cnc will only take on the role of judge and jury of whatever they want to be judge and jury of.

**Maclean:** *Crucial?*

**Pinsent:** No. The tone of talent that's out



Before I did "Durgens" I never realized how separate Parliament is from the people

there now will not have to see for fear with the CBC that will go to every individual every prospect.

**Maclean:** *Look you and your wife. Clear more time, are you the business? It's that how on your marriage?*

**Pinsent:** It's fine. She's a mature person. We never did go through that period where she was the young actress saying, "Well, I will have a career" or "I need this and that." She's accepted everything as it's happened because she has a very good understanding of the limits of the business. She knows why it's possible to have ups and downs about it.

**Maclean:** *Your daughter wants to be an actress?*

**Pinsent:** Yes and I was very strongly against it. Usual type of parents, there are a lot of things to do, don't make up your mind too quickly because the girl will be as great as you will be. It's like to most people it's again. That's what's worse with this business. It happens to you too soon. It gets a

grip on you before you have a chance to see, so have a good time, to enjoy other aspects of life. I'm afraid of it, that's all.

**Maclean:** *How old were you when you started?*

**Pinsent:** This happens to be a kind of confusion with me. She keeps asking me the same thing, but she doesn't want to hear me comparing. We're talking about two different generations, two different worlds. Sell the first. "Well, what about you?"

**Maclean:** *Why and how do you write?*

**Pinsent:** I write because I've run out of reading books. I started in California at a large table I made for myself. I felt the need to write because I began to lose my sense of humor there at far as the system was concerned. I felt myself being beaten out as a performer. I wanted to prove myself in a business that suddenly seemed precarious and thought I'd better start coming up with something else. I had to work at it a great deal. I can write character. I can write dialogue. I still have a way to go to becoming an all-around writer.

**Maclean:** *Do you find it hard to edit yourself?*

**Pinsent:** Yes, as I think it should be. What I lost about writing is that the writer has a secret. I've got this secret. The actor never has a secret, he has a talent, he has the mechanism to perform. The beauty of writing is that secret. I find that same peak in my writing as I did going for the person in the 19th row—getting his applause. I love it.

**Maclean:** *Is that why you write?*

**Pinsent:** Yes, yes. It's a first sensation. To say something and touch them at the same time. To write secretly and privately, but also to be an expert in the sense that you are reaching out for people.

**Maclean:** *The way you portrayed Queen Durgens. IMF, you brought a new level of interpretation to the screen—not regionalism but a broader view—a universal political character. How did she role affect you personally?*

**Pinsent:** Going in, there was an assurance that I was almost afraid to speak about. Of Canadian politics I knew very little. I was never as caught up as I felt now. It did something to me in that sense. I would go to Ottawa to do research for the character, and I'd sit in the gallery and watch a good number of things happen. It was there during a couple of crises. In that sense it was profitable—colorful and very meaningful. I never had any regret about the first experience, was an experience as it is from the people in this country.

**Maclean:** *Did Queen Durgens help to bridge that gap?*

**Pinsent:** It has closed the gap for me personally. I would like to think that for the last short years it was on top, it closed the gap for the man in the street as well.

**Maclean:** *Why did you stop?*

**Pinsent:** Two reasons. The cnc had been in the habit of not continuing series that work. Also, I was tired. Producers and writers can go forever with no idea of the

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material in French but the actor must keep it alive using whatever form of energy I felt I had to vary my career. There is only so much time.

**Maclean's:** How would you hold new as a writer?

**Pineau:** My belief is one that we're doing a kind of fence-sitting. Politics is a great frustration. John Roberts, the secretary of state is superb at pushing the problems, he knows what we're doing. However, I'm not at all surprised that he can't make the wheels go faster. We can't discuss in politics how fast these wheels will go. But it's important in the cultural sense to keep looking for the hook that will make something work. We must be like a person, taking things all angles. This country may get the insight needed, the hook, the new angle.

**Maclean's:** You have and you have in French. Newfoundland for certain qualities is new. What qualities?

**Pineau:** History. And a certain kind of healthy differences in Newfoundlanders that I enjoy very much. Newfoundland has come into its own. It's unfortunate that it's come into its own when the rest of the country is in turmoil.

**Maclean's:** Could it remain in any way be beautiful?

**Pineau:** No, because as economic rewards will tell you far better than I can, when Quebec separates, when Quebec separates, the Maritime provinces will be greatly affected. Newfoundland will consider its place in confederation, that will raise questions. I think it will happen. There are those in the country today who say "Why not? Let's fold up the book. Let's fold up the flag. Let's hit the road. We are an independent country anyway." I've been on open-line shows, people come straight out and very articulately spell out what they have not just lost but hope that are simply waiting now for the take-over from the States.

**Maclean's:** Is that how we serve ourselves by helping to isolate feelings, to create common bond?

**Pineau:** It should get people ready to say again, because it hasn't been falsehood, there is what it means to me. It isn't just a question of putting a name on "being Canadian." It's a question of life-styles. I come back from three weeks in Hungary and I wanted to jump and scream in Canada. "Pineau! Have a look!" Hungary was much colder, it was dinner-cold. It was depressing. It was unbearably so far from encouraging any human need to grow to employ life. We have that here. It appears as greatly that we might not make it in Canada. We have voted in people who are there to keep Canadian confidence up. Yet, if they fail at their job, it won't be anything new. So why are we being so blind and so naive to think they'll help us up on the hill or that "somebody will come along" and solve the whole thing for us? It's an unnecessary illusion.

**Maclean's:** What are your dreams?

**Pineau:** I have the wildest, silliest, most outrageous dreams of unity for this country. I struggle with patriotism. I am out of my mind for a solution more than I ever would have known, much more than any one knowing me would have expected. They also perhaps don't suspect me of being tainted with nationalism. I am. To me it is as glorious as living. It's that gift of life you talked about. I'm not about to



When Quebec goes I think Newfoundland will reconsider its place in confederation

spread the rest of my life searching for and adapting to a new sort of life. Without what we have known as a country, there'd be just a temporary, unsatisfactory alternative. To be very far to Quebec, we are late. We are late. English Canada. A hundred years ago the problem existed here. We are late.

**Maclean's:** Too late?

**Pineau:** James Baldwin said to me at a dinner party in Los Angeles. "You will never give back. You are dead." It scared me, and I said, "I wanted to say, 'Well, the hell with you!'" That was my inadequate reaction. But it's strange and unfortunate and very, very sad that he should have to feel that. Lévesque is feeling that. His Quebec is feeling that. Too late. Kill us late.

**Maclean's:** Do you have a philosophy for the country?

**Pineau:** No. I don't. "I have a reason that I've forgotten." From *After All*. That book explains an awful lot of what this country is about. We've lost our way, and it's a work. Do we still have the capacity? We

must have. Otherwise the country has not fulfilled its contract to the people. Americans put a massive demand on life, they expect an awful lot, and they get it.

**Maclean's:** What do Canadians expect?

**Pineau:** To wake up tomorrow and wait for the answer. When I read a paper, with optimism of how to solve problems in Canada, I'm glad to see these people coming. Common sense. But I find something very hard on the land. When I'd like to go to get a good answer. It's in it. I once told down the block had a Minnie set which was far more sophisticated than yours. It's already got his set together and when you go to his house and you bring your puppy like Minnie set, he won't tell you how he's built his. The country has been built already, it's there, it's there. Do we try to figure them out, or simply go into another game entirely?

**Maclean's:** Do you think our Minnie set is working?

**Pineau:** No. I don't, and that seems to me more than anything. Canadians just don't know the answer. The people who want to believe they have the answer are waiting for another term, is useful. I think it's high time that we because the land looks and get the means of our own business out of our country. Nobody wants to be untamed forever. We all want a place of our own. I live in Los Angeles that I was a tenant, here I feel a bit of a landlord.

**Maclean's:** Where did it go wrong?

**Pineau:** We thought we simply had to be clever, to keep up in life-style, in seasonal terms. In keeping up, we could have assumed ourselves but we didn't. My God, who are we kidding? Do we suddenly expect to become the biggest ones in the world? The most beautiful population? No way. Are we going to be a great power? There isn't a chance. We are now Canada: that's all we see. It can't be a question of integrity, a question of people, a question of population. It can be a question of quality, of who we are and what the place is about.

**Maclean's:** If someone were to come up with an idea, he could get the pop?

**Pineau:** Absolutely. One of the great traditions today is the other camp, isn't it? Lévesque. And he's fresh, even though he's been around, he's still fresh.

**Maclean's:** You've been quoted as being concerned about the future of Canada as an idea. Does this phrase lose meaning in its use?

**Pineau:** The country has natural resources in its arms. If we don't recognize that, we are in great trouble. Because a country is maintained for us by technology and technology. If anyone takes this country seriously at all, we would be the ones to sell its story. Film has a great responsibility in this. And that's England, for example, so much that economic situation they are in, they always seem to be in the performance, and in the nature of their way of life. We still have not done that in this country.

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# Something is happening, Central Canada; you better find out what it is

Column by Andy Snaddon

Given a choice, most of us in the West would rather be rich and disliked than poor and palmed. But we were so long.

But the new strength of Alberta, as well as other provinces, may lead to a new provincial-federal balance which will make richer than divide the country.

What delights the eastern "gush huts" is that the Ottawa conference did not let the banker buy and sell the banks as much as what has always been the rule of any declining empire. The natives in the far-

west "I don't see any French problem, all the ones I know talk English." Or how about the cabinet in old Toronto, who said of Mr. Meillon: "If she was my wife she'd get five rings in the mouth." Probably closer to the Ontario average than the editors of *Charlevoix* will ever know. But not and it's important.

Let's face it, what put the husband and biological program on "hold" was not the financial Alberta solution with its \$1,000 bills and gold tips in the week-basis. No-

more and more they do. At the moment they may be discussing too much power, but it's with the new federalism going to develop. It is not the U.S. style, the West German federal plan, or a combination of various methods, a new system must be made to work. The old system is too unevenly rejected.

Quebec has the most extensively developed department for intergovernmental relationships. Alberta is not patient to see other provinces. At a meeting to explain the new channels of power to interested businessmen and government officials in Ottawa last year the joke was that certain would go broke if it weren't for the civil servants flying back and forth for such reasons. These links are a country together.

Torontonians are loved that somebody else should have money. They still think it should flow in to the centre and trickle out.

Well, we would have lighter revenues in Alberta if we got the full international price for gas and oil. But we pay our way for being Canadians, always in a way.

In the official Alberta view the best thing for the country is not necessarily to sell our gas and oil to the United States, but to pipe it to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, always and perhaps, just a country.

What Albertans really want is to develop their provinces so that when the oil and gas is gone they'll still have a strong economy. That means just open up the knowledge, it means a national system where each province has better representation at the decision-making level.

It would seem to have a similar sound to policies of such Quebec federalists as Claude Ryan. So far, no one thinks that the P.Q. existed. Canada is going to remain as it was 30 years ago. We need new systems of representation.

As for Albertans, we kind of like being able to think the game and play with the other fellows now we've got ourselves out of our own. We don't have to hope the nice players down Ottawa and Toronto will give us a piece of their winnings if we're good boys. We kind of like it. And it makes for a better game.

Andy Snaddon is editor in chief of the *Edmonton Journal*.



The fear is understandable. For years the Montreal-Ottawa-Toronto triangle dominantly dominated the land with the power vacuum in it through representation by populists at Confederation. Let's not know it too hard: after all we've got a country with a lot of assets. But some are different now and are uncomfortable. Emboldened states when the winds of change blow. Let's hope in Montreal did not see the French growth underneath their coats and now help us, tend to blame the rest of us for not preventing it.

In Ottawa, the standards have gone up to spending requirements to the colonies to tell the process which paid for their own. It's as if the federal government was disappointed when the local economy reply. "The hell it is," they say, which was slow to issue a dollar to the hardest times it was worst would seem too and there was still collected, suddenly part of the country finally made independent.

The French Fact which, unfortunately, does not look like a fact in the very multi-cultural West, can be best accommodated by writing the nation along the lines. All the other western provinces are shaking. Remember, while Ottawa was still looking at Quebec, it was the western provinces who told Reel Levesque that this was going to be one country.

The western red-neck in the stock in the end of the Toronto media which thinks Ottawa is Canada and can't see why the rest of us are provincial.

I can find red-necks in Ottawa though I'm too honest to make it sound like a regional complaint. I wish I could hear up at Confederation near Moncton to make any Ottawa writers want to find it) who told

it, it was the "red-neck" of the Ottawa civilization whose thought is property. When the Liberals saw John Turner's note to the Ottawa-Carlton gas down the street, they got the message.

What has escaped the attention of the assets developers, who seem to think the country is going back to the good old days is that the way the country operates now is through new federal provincial channels and biological program is less important.

While Parliament was holding its dirty hands out for money for the provinces to talk business. The Ottawa Press Gallery which is often mistakes debating points and confrontation for real news may have been disappointed that nothing seemed to happen with the premiers. Yet during the course of the year alone weekly federal and provincial civil servants will want to hammer out new deals.

Parliament? The power has with the cabinet. The institution is meaningless to most parts of the country. In many areas the politicians have the chips. They can deal with Ottawa and

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# Letters

## When will they ever learn?

Congratulations on your first issue of April 3—*The Windsor Herald*. I thought the poems by Poehs Newman, Robert Lewis and Lee Voochies as well as the report



Gordon of Grace and Nature mistakes

cards by John P. Halford and J. C. Wilson were especially thoughtful and well done. How is it that our government, their advisors and Canadians in general have made so many mistakes, and keep on making them? I'm afraid we are a very naive people.

RON WALTER L. GORDON TORONTO

**Except that "weekender" is a compliment.**  
Your article about begging, *Nahdy, Luvno, Any More* (April 17) includes a clergy

shot at Elmer MacKay. He is a credible politician who has worked diligently to bring some sense of decency and accountability to Ottawa. Does a person become a "weekender" simply by being honest and by focusing the public's attention on scandalous situations?

DORIE FANDERBERG  
KILGER, ONT. N 5

Parliamentary muckraking you call Elmer MacKay's efforts and say nobody knows any more. Canada would be much better governed if there were a dozen MacKays in Parliament. Down here in Central Nova we're listening, grateful he's willing to go back working for us and the rest of Canada.

JR H. SUTHERLAND  
NEW GLASGOW, N.S.

### Less a revision, more a revolution

In her article about the breakaway Anglican Church of North America, *The Uncomfortable Pew* (March 20), Carolyn Fadden speaks of the new church's objections to the ordination of women and to prayer book changes. The clergy and laity object to ordaining women to the sacramental priesthood because of a lack of scriptural or other evidence for or against the issue and because it represents a new break with historical tradition and practice since the founding of the Christian church. One editorial change in the prayer book is not a mere revision. It involves a subtle combination of baptism and confirmation, which effectively merges the latter act as a separate sacrament and paves the way for ordination of non-culpably confirmed persons to take communion. This change will make

absorption of the Anglican Church of Canada by the Anglican Church of North America a fairly simple process, as such as the new prayer book is adopted.

J. MICHAEL PETERILL  
RECTOR, WARDEN  
MEMBER OF THE ANGLICAN  
ANGELIC CHURCH OF NORTH AMERICA  
OTTAWA

### Credit where credit is more than due

Your article *A Debt Not All* (April 17), concerning Betty Garbutt's fight to change the law to require employers and employees to sue with dispatch when faced with threats of violence from former employees or others is inaccurate in one respect. You say no MP helped Garbutt. However, I made the question with the labor committee, encouraged her and with her lawyer, discussed the matter personally with the Hon. Solon Meunier, drafted the amendments personally presented them to committee, negotiated their acceptance in report stage and presented the amendments in the House of Commons. All of this is a matter of record. In addition, Art Lee (Liberal-Vancouver East) gave assistance. I was very successful with Garbutt and her cause as were other members.

JOHN A. FRANKER, MP VANCOUVER SOUTH  
OTTAWA

### Bombing out

In the article, *Miss Jenny Carter Learned Not to Love the Bomb* (April 17), you illustrate the effect of a 71,000-ton neutron bomb. "To be more precise, it is a 1KT neutron bomb—a neutron being a measure of an explosive force equivalent to 1,000 tons of TNT, rather than a measure of

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weight. Furthermore, Canada's defence estimates for 1976-79 total \$4,127,885,000 which is considerably more than is mentioned in the article. "Such an arsenal would cost well over a billion dollars—more than Canada's entire defence budget."

ALLAN HARRISON, INSPECTOR  
OTI 484

**The book that never was**  
In Roy MacGregor's sports column, *The New Year's Eve Sports News* (April 17), he mentions that Scott Young was once banned from even setting foot in Maple Leaf Gardens for something he had written. This is not true. Scott was never banned from coming to the Gardens.

STAN OBOENNE, PUBLICITY DIRECTOR,  
MAPLE LEAF CIGARETTES LIMITED, TORONTO

I was extremely annoyed at Allan Fotheringham's column, *If These People Must Go Their Rovers Off* (April 7). Curling is a game of strategy, in golf and many other sports are. Anybody can curl, but it takes talent and experience to become a professional.

PAUL GAZDA, PRINCETON ALTA

I strongly resent Fotheringham's put-down of caring and of the wonderful men who choose to play a nice, decent, non-violent sport. I love it!

WITH 50/50 SPLITTING SYSTEMS HEAD

As well as being a game of judgment and intense strategy, it's simpler to play this. It's not any more sport. I can teach anyone the fundamentals with \$15 of equipment, which is more than you can use for hockey, football and swimming. Both canoeing and sailing have one thing in common: a beginner can have modest success in soon as he picks up the sport. But at the average high level, some grade 100 season and a half-century are required for success. There you learn the more you learn to lose. There is no reason at all why those of us who know enough to appreciate the subtle game should be subjected to anything but the victor's cries on TV.

N. L. ALLAN CALDART

With a few rule changes, curling could be made more palatable to those of us who regard it with the same disdain as Allan Permarhagen. First of all, lefties open the game up to physical contact. This could give the way for a few healthy fist fights and release us of the boredom of watching a dull agonize as he tries to keep order. This will give curlers a healthy outlet for their pent-up lusts as they shout abuse at the hapless official. Add traditional crass of "hit that stoneback" and we will have diverted our activity to something we can genuinely refer to as sport in the grandest sense of the word.

[illegible]

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# CHANEL




Woodward's

Allan Fotheringham, do you know what you've done? You've revealed the only game that's really any fun (The hockey game) there's lots of fights with no hard to referee. And football's thought but too messy, or so it seems to me. The soccer men just kick a ball or bounce it off their heads. And basketball is too much better but they say it has ruined. And bowling takes one's anger out on five poor helpless pins! The one who teaches them about it seems like who wins! But no bar of age or class or sex will play the one who calls. It's a game for prize

or paper, men or women, boys or girls. The battle here is one of skill and wit of wit or wits. I'm talking one's opponents, or going in a kick. It's just good fun and sportsmanship, and may be the best risk won. Each game you play gives more delight than when you first began. I challenge Fotheringham to return some day, and get down to the cutting and among the active men. There he should try his best at just one game, or maybe two or three. In no time flat, I'm sure a real enthusiasm he'll be!

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Long ago it was preached to me that the best summer and winter games for any young man to take up are golf and curling. But now, I'm sure, I'd be talking one's opponents, or going in a kick. It's just good fun and sportsmanship, and may be the best risk won. Each game you play gives more delight than when you first began. I challenge Fotheringham to return some day, and get down to the cutting and among the active men. There he should try his best at just one game, or maybe two or three. In no time flat, I'm sure a real enthusiasm he'll be!

ALLAN ANDERSON OTTAWA

As an "earliest youth," I disagree with Allan Fotheringham's comments on curling in the article, *If These People Hear Him Their Feet Will Fly* (April 3). I took up the sport because it was a good way to make the winter a little shorter. After spending 30 years on the ice I can say it has helped me to meet new people, both young and old. It is true that curling is not as consistently strenuous as tennis but it does require strength and stamina for sweeping. It is all in the way you approach any game physically and psychologically.

TIM MALLIS, SANDY LAKE, MAN.

**Wasted youth**  
I was disturbed by your article on juvenile delinquency, *Delectably Thirsty I Suck a Thing or Two* (April 3). The experts all seem to be treating the patients and not



studying how to avoid the disease. We seem to be so society-minded to sacrifice our youth or their difficulties would be a major political issue and people would be studying how to eradicate the problem, instead of applying Band-Aids.

C. D. HUGHES, BRANSON, MAN.

#### Reactor Pasty

Futon, as described in your article, *Is It Possible to Answer?* (April 3), is indeed "the best bet" hope. But why waste millions discovering it is a lark when a microwave fusion reactor, whose lifetime energy can be tapped through today's technology, is



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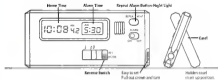


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MAY 15, 1978

## Preview

Whoever said, 'Better late than never,' may have been mistaken

Three years ago, prompted by an abortive take-over attempt of Argus Corporation by Power Corporation (the largest), Pierre Trudeau set up a Royal Commission on Corporate Concentration. He expected a report "in a very short period of time... something like a year." The findings, it was supposedly safe to assume, would have a dramatic effect on the way government would prefer the private sector to behave in this country. It was eagerly awaited... and awaited... and awaited. In chairman, Bob Bryce, resigned for health reasons, most of its researchers wandered off, disgruntled. But now it's almost ready. On staffer calls it "a singer," and says it probably will, since one of the things it will do is dump on the government's proposed legislation that would force companies to demonstrate public benefit before mergers are allowed—and probably kill that legislation, which has been floating around Ottawa for seven years.

### Waste not, want not

Among the various advantages that go with food fuels, one is the energy lost in getting them from their source to their desti-

lets. The heat lost at each compressor station, along natural gas pipelines, for example, would heat an estimated 100 homes, year-round. But if an experiment currently under way on the Alberta Gas Trunk Line's Ponca station, about 130 miles east of Calgary, pans out, that lost heat will be found again. AGTL has devised a diversion system that is now growing vegetables—3,700 tomato plants and 2,400 long English cucumbers—in a one-acre greenhouse bank near the compressor. A 70-to-80-degree (F) temperature is maintained year-round for the tomatoes, 80 to 90 for the cukes. With three crops annually, it should provide some 80,000 pounds of tomatoes. Now that's not much, considering about 70 million pounds are eaten every year in Alberta alone—but there are 12 valuable compressors on that line alone and then there are all those other pipelines existing and about-to-be.



Greenhouse project manager Stephanie He Lee, another deflator of cooler with gas



Performers from the Mosaic Children's Music Theatre: the stuff that dreams are made of

### The Children's Hour

In case no one has noticed, children's theatre is one of the fastest growing cultural phenomena in this country, with new groups springing up more quickly than they can be counted. Little by little, the highest exposure will likely come in 1979. The International Year of the Child, as designated by the United Nations, has Canadian cities—Calgary, Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal—will be hosting children's theatre festivals later this month and through June. The gathering of performers, presenting everything from mime to full-on musicals, is one of the best and most accessible. Most of the performers are adults, but their faces are textured toward kids. Joining Canadian groups from the provinces will be two of the most prestigious companies in the world: the Kusei No Ma troupe from Japan and the Mosaic Children's Theatre, Vancouver, which toured the whole thing off, will also have representation from Peru, Austria and Britain.

**Blessed are the dumb** Goldberg's *Island* has become a metaphor for everything mediocre about television.

Washington the way which ran fresh in the mid-70s and which continues to pollute the airways in reruns today, was curiously the nation's lowest point—and that's saying a lot. So it's no surprise that NBC is attempting to renege the shipwrecked crew—Bob Denver, Jim Backus, Tina Turner, et al.—for a two-hour special this fall. Considering that not one of them has gone on to greater things, it shouldn't be all that difficult. And just think of the ratings!

Denver: once is not enough!









men north from the United States after he and a friend, Brian Ross, were invited to an AAIB meeting in North Dakota early in January. They came back with ideas suggested by the likes of Charlie Wootton, an AAIB spokesman from Winnipeg, North Dakota. "What we've got on our farm—the livestock, the grain—is the biggest power tool in the world. If we can use it."

The American connection, derived by most as remembered there, Royal Charles believes is shoddy at best. He of any concern, "It might be an issue in the East," he says. "But it sure as hell isn't here." One idea on which the Americans and Canadians totally agree is the need for an open-trade canal to make sure the big wheat producers stop competing with each other and start returning top profits to farmers. In 1973 wheat sold on world markets at 36¢ a bushel, now it's fetching about \$3.60. And there is still little progress in attempts to stabilize world grain markets.

After an April visit to the American headquarters, during which time he met with Charlie Wootton, Kloy Karan of CMA returned home to Saskatchewan convinced CMA could in the future "put pressure on our Wheat Board that would help them." Says another CMA member, "We need to stop the bleeding."

On March 31 the federal government agreed to meet with them. Agriculture Minister Whelan, Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce Jack Horner and others sat down with CMA in Regina and learned while the young farmers detailed their demands. Along with a full party, CMA is seeking a producer-controlled National Food Production Agency which would be omnipotent enough to control imports and on prices—the sole consumer protection body that farmers want always act in good faith. CMA also insisted that a law be passed and even offered to co-sponsor it. "It will be illegal for anyone to buy, sell or trade any agricultural product at less than 100 per cent parity."

Jack Horner—who walked out of the



CMA picks its holding up trucks on the Saskatchewan border in a joint protest with the AAIB in April. Violence not precluded

meeting—refused to accept that Canada's wealthy are having farmers with the singular exception of the vegetable and fruit industry. He defends the 1.5-per-cent increase on imported beef he pushed through cabinet late December on the grounds that the population had seen that much and says the current rise in beef prices has proved farmers weren't doing further damage. As for Wootton—who surprisingly is regarded by many CMA people as "the only hope we've got"—he would only express his sympathies. Though he supports higher agricultural tariffs, he also believes that the possibility of the Independent Farmers Party's ever-fifty van facing down his cash day beef prices rise. There are also CMA people who believe Wootton's actual claim to cabinet to suspect farmers know that they are no longer considered much of a bulwark there because they now comprise barely less per cent of the labor force. Whelan himself will admit to frustration in getting the farmers' view across but set out his own reservations—most recently his fall—tied with the idea of granting though he currently says he has no such thoughts.

"I think there's a game being played in Ottawa in that they tolerate Whelan," says Roy Anderson, president of the left-wing

Strikes, the first declared if credible a strategy of making "barn" come to him



National Farmers Union in Saskatchewan.

"Because Whelan is saying the sort of things that make common sense to the average guy—while they in the background continue with this new assault." And that is precisely why several CMA members are beginning to talk about the formation of their own Independent Farmers Party as farmers, they're used to doing things for themselves. "We're looking at a campaign where the last thing they're going to do is to agriculture," says Jim Stalwick, the first announced candidate. "The idea is to force them to talk about it." It was not surprisingly, Thordarson—who is also president of the Western Canada Cow-Calf Association—who first broached the subject.

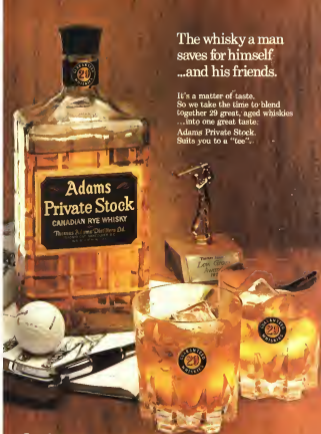
To Thordarson, who believes that "if you show an animal, they don't understand—your women have to help them," the next step was logical, and he found quick sympathizers. "Once we get further advanced," Margaret Larson says, "we're going to be in a bit of a jam."

Others look at CMA's remarkable development and total lack of funding and see what threatens to be there. "Nothing," I don't think anything will come of it," says Jack Horner. There is even the odd one close to it, like Helen Stalwick of CMA. Saskatchewan who was a convinced dairy farmer's husband Fred was the CMA member who died of heart disease eight days after an altercation between CMA picketers and workers at a Regina stockyard. Glenn Horner has been charged with his daughter. "Sometimes you just feel like closing the books," she says.

But she is understandably thinking of the immediate past. And since recent memories leave most Prairie farmers twitching, the majority will only look ahead with typical farmer's optimism. In the evening of the day the calf was born, Thordarson stood in the shallow hole he'd chopped in the frozen slough back of his farmhouse and moved his boots while the sky that rose off the field back of him is heard red—the traditional promise of a better tomorrow. "The only thing that frightens everyone," he said, "is that we might have to go off to Ottawa. By God we want to be farmers—and nothing else." ♦

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# Heroes of Our Time

Have the comics grown up, or have we grown down?

By Ron Base

At Marvel Comics in downtown Manhattan, the universe unfolds in gaudily colored, inked panels inhabited by superheroes with bulging muscles, rock-jaw and galling scariness. On this morning, John Romita Jr. is drawing Spider-Man, currently the No. 1 best-selling comic (four million comic-book sales annually), syndicated daily in more than 400 newspapers, begins to take life shape in blue pencil, swinging gracefully through a web close as the inevitable bad guy falls away from its soft. The dialogue will never be etched in granite, but it fits nicely into a balloon: "Hold it, big man!" Spider-Man growls. "Haven't you heard about inflation? Do you know what it costs to upturn a chair nowadays?"

Along the beige and brown corridor, Marvel's new editor in chief, Jim Shooter, a 36-year-old rising star with the grunts, features of a comic-book hero: producer as the day's batch of superheroes explores in off-the-covers his desk. The Incredible Hulk, Captain America, Mr. Marvel, The Human Torch—the characters who not only save the world from a new menace each month in 42 different books, but who also



make Marvel work 15 million monthly readers, the biggest comic-book publisher in the business. And the benevolent ruler over this narrow universe, Stan Lee, 55, publisher and creative director of the Marvel Comics Group, the purveyors of the modern comic book, isn't getting and ending so hard that the wrinkles spread from his eyes and along his forehead until they are lost in the scapes that presides expertly atop his head. Lee has good reason for smiling this morning (for now, only, is his cosmic fantasy universe unfolding; it is expanding in a way he never thought possible after 30 years in the business). Indeed, asked whether glasses his eyes flicker unobtrusively. "It's much bigger than you would ever think," he says, shifting his position and frame on a sofa, warning to his subject, "I've had brought Spider-Man for a series of one-hour prime-time specials (the first was aired in the beginning of April) and the comic network will do a series of 12 Incredible Hulk. 'Incredible Hulk'—well, you know, they're the biggest and best in the business—are about to film a Dr. Strange pilot, and they've already started to film a Captain America. At the same time, they're working on scripts for The Human Torch and Ms. Marvel. In fact, they've taken an option on 12 of our characters here at Marvel. I can't believe that all 42 will make it!" he says in a way that conveys you be certainly can. "But it is possible—well, it's possible that Marvel comics may soon be represented on television."

Stan Lee (left) and John Romita Jr. (right), two men as responsible as any for the resurgence of the mighty Marvel.



view more than anything else." Lee is envied in the same way Alexander must have been when he contemplated the rule of the known world. Still, he is going to have to share the wealth. At DC Comics, Marvel's arch rival in the comic-book field, executives are gazing over the possibilities of what promises to be a spectacular pair of Superman movies: the first due for release in December, as they intend large conference for a possible new Batman television series. The comic industry, ignored for years by everyone except kids and comic-book collectors, now finds itself trying to grapple with the small print on contracts

for the rights to characters whose ink has yet to dry on a page of life-by-72-month trial board.

What's more, this flash of interest is spreading at a time when comic-book sales are on the rise, while the continuing newspaper adventure strip, once the *Wall* of Royce of cartooning, is all but extinct. The adventure heroes who could not be destroyed by man-eating gorillas, vicious enemy agents or cosmic women were, it turned out, susceptible to rising newspaper costs. Editors no longer wanted to give up the space required for their complex story lines and intricate draftsmanship. Now the



comic strips are full of laughter and a whole new generation of readers profits from the pretty voice of *Superman* in the enigmatic *Ferry and the Pirates* uncovering at the fastest pace of these guides a day.

In his office at Marvel, Stan Lee contemplates the loss of events, thanks his head and underlines the case. "It seems what's happening, people are adding more and more superheroes and fantasy more than ever before." Of course, superheroes and fantasy have been the staples of comic books ever since *Johnny Ropes* and *Tony's Joe Shuster* produced the first Superman adventure in April of 1938. The immense popularity of their invulnerable creation ("leaping over skyscrapers, running faster than an express train, springing, great distances and heights") evoked artists and writers over the last four decades to the task of creating new superheroes, spawned by an alien planet, a freak of nature or an aberration of science and garbed in a variety of weird masks and tight spandex. World drew second looks in a gay bar on Halloween. The reliance on action and fantasy helped make comic books the child porn of the 1950s, scorned by Frederic Wertham's *Seduction of the Innocent* as an overreaction

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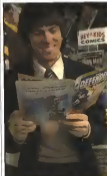
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piece of nonsense that suggested comic books caused juvenile delinquency and finally shattered by a repressive cinema code that nearly killed off the genre. Comics weren't so much at the bottom of the comic pole of North American culture as they were at the waste-basket level of it.

But now the media industry finally stepped out of the closet. Adults drink nothing but a shakily produced second-tier family comic called *Mafu*. The original fantasy art of Frank Frazetta, full of the thrashing biceps and voluptuous chests he learned to draw going away at comics with for thousands of dollars. And tele-



Jim Fowler at Marvel camp endorsing

vision and movies, which at one time were supposed to kill off comic books, now feed on them hungrily. And discovered several years ago that when the comic's simple story lines, first action and customary dialogue were adapted to television, his shows quickly followed. *Sgt. Marvel*, *Dollar Man*, *The Green Hornet*, *Chickadee*, *Angels* and certainly *Wonder Woman* (once moved to TV) are simply live-action comic books that have the visual networks feeding the bodies for more superheroes who will fill up the early evening, family-viewing hours. "Those family period shows have to be done with little violence. The comic heroes represent action without violence, so they're perfect for television," says Chuck Fries, executive producer of the new *Spider-Man* series. "Besides, you're buying a character who is profitable. It's like buying a best-selling book."

In the movies, comic-book heroes were mostly grade-Z performers in cheaply done serials such as *Ben & Jerry*, starring a



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Winged Rubber Clobber. But in the wake of the phenomenal success of *Star Wars* (which, as anyone who ever read *Book 13* goes or easily followed, Torrey and the Phoenician have a comic-book fantasy brought to celluloid life) Hollywood has quickly opened its heart—to as well as its pocketbook—to the comics. Superman, for example, has never been treated so lovingly. Not only is he surrounded by a cast of the magnitude of Martin Scorsese and Gene Hackman, he has opening movies that millions were spent on the special effects and using a hologram technique that should make the man of steel appear to fly off the screen and into the audience. In the meantime, *Prophecy* is about to become a musical with Dustin Hoffman as the space-marching sailor and Lily Tomlin as Olive Oyl. And not only is Little Orphan Annie a hit on Broadway and stages across the continent, but—*Excerpt*!—Laurie R. King's *Daddy Warbucks*—she has been sold to the movies for a record \$9 million. There are plans afoot as well to make multi-million dollar spectacles based on Mandrake the Magician and Dick Tracy.

"The world is really sick again for heroes," says Len Wein 29, a comic-book writer for the past decade. "You used to be able to tell the good guys from the bad guys but that's all changed now, except in the comics. The comic books are the last place where you can still find heroes."

Wein is probably right. Marshall Mc-



Lehen has said that we look at the present through a rear view mirror into the past, and therefore we march backward into the future. Comic books delightfully reverse that process. They march forward into a narrative past where the lines between good and evil are clearly drawn, where the heroes, with occasional exceptions, are in-

terribly heroic and the villains are villainous. "Comics get us past the economic gloom and the threat of nuclear war, they dropping out of the sky," says Mike Ciolek of DC Comics. There's a less generous explanation for the comic's new found popularity though. They remain for the most part unexamined and stay to read in a society that came to read less and less. "Let's face it," says Stan Kely, Montreal-born creator of *Heavy Metal*, "comics are enjoying a resurgence because people are becoming functional illiterates and comics are so close to television as you can get on the printed page. I'm very dubious about any one 30 years of age who reads comic books."

Whatever, a lot of people are reading comics. Sales have dropped since the heyday in the 1960s when there were 30 publishers selling 50 million comics a year but in 1977 the industry, despite circulation problems, managed to sell 290 million comic books. Marvel Comics, according to its own arithmetic, accounted for a whopping 40 per cent of the market, "proof not?" DC Comics the other continuing comic book publisher who also does more the deeper, stands on its long standing tradition of superheroes. *Superman*, *Batman* and *Wonder Woman*. Now a classic comic story comes in the electronic form of movies. What's big is movies that blend the futuristic space craze in the mid 1970s or the old sci-fi, *Star Wars* and *Galaxy* *Conquest*—and the film publisher *Top Gun*.

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only that superhero-dominated but also of Stan Lee's massive influence. "When all is said and done," says Byron Brown, who teaches a course in the history of comics at New York University, "it's Stan who is truly much responsible for the new acceptance of the medium. He's the one who went out and convinced people that it was OK to read comic books at the age of 25."

Certainly no one is enjoying the comic book renaissance more than Lee. Lurking in the workable old manuscript that is the Finest Club, seated amid dark wood paneling, heavy red drapes, waiters in tuxedo-colored jackets, a steady mixture of crooked forward to catch her order for chicken pot pie. Lee erupts with good opinion. "Everything I do is so incredibly easy," he says enthusiastically. "I find writing very easy, thinking up new characters and new stories not only easy, but fun. So I feel

more free, guilty about what I'm doing because I'm having such a good time. The only problem is there isn't enough time to do it all." He leans forward as if to spread a secret out on the white linen. "You're not gonna believe this," he says confidentially, "but I haven't taken a vacation in fifteen years." He launches companion can't help notice that Lee's face is apparently the color of the dark wood paneling across the room. "Blah," he says. "This isn't a fun. This stuff comes out of a tube. My wife hates it when I look pale."

Lee is finally filtering into the nearby dining room, an expansive but who never grow up enough to realize that life wasn't supposed to be enjoyable. Once growing up in Depression Manhattan, he had a good sense, although his discomfort is that



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Yet it still has the get up and go to get up and go from 0 to 80 kilometers in 11.5 seconds. Not even a Mercedes diesel can match this kind of performance. (In a grueling 31,000 mile torture test conducted in France, the Rabbit set 31 World Records for 1500cc diesels.)

Another money-saving aspect of the diesel engine is the fact that it works on a different combustion principle than gas engines. So it doesn't need spark plugs, ignition coil, distributor, points, condenser or carburetor. Which means you never have to pay for a major tune-up. Ever.

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While the "Diesel" part of the Rabbit is pretty spectacular, we mustn't forget that the "Rabbit" part of the Rabbit has also set a new standard for the industry.

Among other things, the Rabbit comes equipped with front wheel drive for better traction and handling. A dual diagonal braking system with front wheel discs, steel belted radial tires, negative steering rail radius for safety's sake. Big, fully reclining front bucket seats for comfort. And more useable carrying space than any car its size.

Put all this together with the optional diesel engine and it makes an incredibly economical package. The diesel can pay for itself in no time. After that, the rest is gravy.



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# Power for the future?

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The heat of the sun, the tidal force of the ocean and the power of the winds may play future roles in Canada's energy picture. But their use on a commercial scale is still a long way off. A lot of research remains to be done and research takes time and money.

Right now, the member utilities of the Canadian Electrical Association are involved in a multi-million dollar international information/research exchange program and across Canada, this year alone, the utilities will spend more than \$200 million in research primarily to advance the technology of conventional power systems. But there is a long way to go before

The sun, the moon and the winds may some day make significant contributions to Canada's power supply. In the meantime we need to make sure the supply is sufficient to meet the demands of a growing Canada.



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Nicholas Hammond as TV's Spider-Man and also as Peter Parker in a transition



most to temper his dreams with the reality of current events he found to have living in the daily newspaper. An editor at Marvel since he was 17, Lee by 1960 was already bored with the lifeless and hoard good guys he had written for 21 years. "I sat down and tried to create heroes with faults, with families," he said. "I wanted to learn with a few redeeming virtues to make them more interesting, and that way the reader is never quite sure how the story is going to end. Maybe the bad guy will win. Maybe the good guy will fail on his face."

Lee introduced the Fantastic Four featuring The Thing, a superhero who looked like a badly burned granite rock copping, and unlike other heroes was hated by the population who regarded him as a monster. The Thing occasionally obliged everyone by acting like one. But Lee's most famous creation, The Amazing Spider-Man, did not appear until 1962. "Spider" as he's sometimes known, was actually a high school kid named Peter Parker who gained super hero status by a combination of events—being bitten by a radioactive spider. If this sounds a little silly, remember that it didn't matter to Lee and artist Steve Ditko who soon had him

bounding up and down the sides of buildings. Besides, they had more subtle things in mind for Spider, since his alter ego, Peter Parker, instead of fighting crime, immediately tried to catch on to his new super powers and only adopted a spider costume so no one would recognize him as he performed his break shows. Only after Peter's uncle was killed did he reluctantly become a do-gooder. Even so, he often didn't have the big fun to catch the wave of a crime and suffered bouts of paranoia brought about by the realization that everyone disliked him whether he was Peter Parker or Spider. By 1965 Esquire magazine was reporting that Spider-Man was as popular



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Lynde Carter as Wonder Woman: can you imagine grown men watching this stuff?

among college students as *Clue* (Gwyneth Paltrow) even Superman's iconic image was being hastily altered by DC Comics when a hungry eye was being kept on Marvel's steadily rising sales. A conglomerate, *Galaxy Connections*, purchased Clark Kent's newspaper, *The Daily Planet*, and tried unsuccessfully to fire editor Perry White before shifting the stuffy Kent over to anchor the television news on its network. (Integration here was fast: since *Galaxy* appeared on the scene about the same time a week-late newspaper, Warner Communications, backed by Comics' erstwhile corporate partner) In addition, Len Lane decided that her career was more important than playing the supporting role of housewife waiting patiently for Superman to marry her. But the contract was of little use. Marvel became the No. 1 comic-book publisher and Superman, the dull, aloof father of all superheroes, had finally been defeated, not by some Kryptonite-imbued villain, but by a part-time kid in a rubber costume.

Still, if you're over the age of 15, the median age of Marvel comic readers, you might wonder what all the fuss is about. Despite Stan Lee's bare popcorn, comic books remain unimpressive, catering at once to the demands of the private comic code and the needs of 10-year-olds.

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## Do You Know the Secret of Looking Younger?

You may think you do. You watch what you eat. You try to get enough sleep. You've even started exercising and wouldn't dream of going to bed without doing fifteen minutes of calisthenics. Good for you. But even so, all these efforts to keep your looking as young as possible just aren't enough if you don't take proper care of your complexion.

You can join the younger-looking women around the world who share the secret benefits of a unique lotion. It helps you look younger by soothing away the dryness that can often make little wrinkles firm all to noticeable. This remarkable secret is known as Oil of Oluy.

You need believe how quickly and completely Oil of Oluy penetrates your skin as you soothe it on your face and neck. Simply lather in the mirror to see how the pure moisture, tropical oil and e-molients bring a lustre and glow to your complexion. Your skin feels softer and smoother almost from the moment you apply it, and the difference can scarcely pass unnoticed.

Devoted users make Oil of Oluy lotion a vital part of their beauty ritual at least twice a day in the morning, as a marvelous makeup base (there's never a greasy aftereffect) that lets cosmetics stay fresh for hours. Again just before bedtime, as skin can sleep in a moist climate through the

night. Any other time your skin feels dry and you want to increase its moisture content is a good time for Oil of Oluy.

Oil of Oluy works with nature in a mysterious way to help maintain your skin's oil-moisture balance, essential if you're to look just as young as you can. The beauty lotion works along with your skin's own moisture in combating the dryness that can make you look older than you like. It even helps keep your own natural moisture within the skin, helping to maintain your more youthful looking complexion.

Your friends and family will never know how you achieved the change in your appearance unless you tell. At first you may want to guard this precious new knowledge. But eventually Oil of Oluy will probably become a secret too special to keep to yourself.

### Beauty Secrets

*If you're drinking, detouring yourself the pleasure of delicious food, you deserve a little pampering. Make frequent applications of Oil of Oluy, during diet runs, will let you feel a little self-indulgent. You may well achieve both a younger-looking face and figure.*

*Don't neglect applying Oil of Oluy to areas you can't actually see in your mirror. The back of your neck needs attention too, especially if your hair is styled down.*

Attempts at increased sophistication aren't with comic success. Howard the Duck, Marvel's most anxiously wary creation in years, attracts a small cult readership that slavishly follows the bewildering adventures of this little duck from outer space. But mainstream comic-book and newspaper-strip readers (but's syndicated in less than 100 newspapers) have never responded to him, and there are undoubtedly readers that do not respond.

The comments inspired by established comic publishers in the 1960s drove talented artists like Robert Crumb (creator of *Frat the Cat*, into "underground" comics where they could be as raucous, lewd and anti-establishment as their imaginations would allow. By far the most interesting attempt at adult fantasy comics to date in *Heavy Metal*, published in New York by the company that owns *National Lampoon*, but leaning heavily on European illustrations influenced by American comics and the new fantasy art which evolved from them. "The work of these artists was unlike anything I had ever seen," says Leonard Maltin. *Heavy Metal*'s publisher: "It's adult, it's sexy and it's not for kids. It is also extravagantly and beautifully drawn—that's the key to it." *Heavy Metal*, in short, is *Marvel Comics* all grown up. One of its most popular factors for success is *Don*, written and drawn with consummate beauty by Keith and Corbin, one of the few American artists working for the magazine. *Don* contrasts a pretty man who somehow crosses into another dimension and suddenly develops a superhuman body and incredible strength then wanders through a strange land in search of a lost uncle, defying all sorts of weird bad guys along the way.

Fans thought superhero life except this. *Don* wanders through his adventures naked, proudly displaying a penis that dares almost to be hairy. He encounters not only monsters and villains, but an incredible number of morality-vegetarians and saintly women, all eager to make love to him. *Don* very seldom denies "If *Heavy Metal* is popular it's because we're producing things you can't see on television—like this," says editor Sam Kelly. "If you could see these on tv, then we might be in trouble."

At the moment, *Heavy Metal* has a circulation near 300,000 and rising, despite a hefty retail price of \$4.50 (or plans to raise the price of its 35-cent comics to 50 cents next month). The number of pages will also be jumped from 36 to 42. Both DC and Marvel are experimenting with larger more elaborately produced comic books resulting for anywhere from 51 to 52, thereby making them more attractive to readers. But *Marvel* is still no plans to cancel *Heavy Metal*'s market. "I think of comic books as fairy tales for older people," says Lee. "We don't tell sex and we don't sell violence per se. What we're selling is fantasy." And at the moment it's selling very well. □

# FILMER UP



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# The bucks start here

Behind every great leader is an equally great bagman

By Ian Urquhart

John Godfrey is a scoundrel, opposed to the upper chamber in 1975 by a painful Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. He is a scoundrel because he is a good bagman: he has raised money, lots of money, for the Liberal party's election campaigns. Now, as a new campaign unfolds, Godfrey will be doing what he does best for the Liberals—juggling the corporate cashflows of

Trudeau's Bay Street election donations to the cause.

Godfrey is a leading player in a private industry, and usually essential drama that takes place behind the scenes of every election campaign—the recruited, freelance hunter for the funds required to bring the party's message to as many voters as possible before election day. The men in-

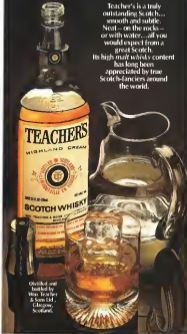
voled in this activity are virtually unknown outside political circles, yet their efforts count for more than perhaps any one else's—with the exception of their party leaders—in the eventual outcome of the election. Freelancers are typically a suspicious breed, fearful of their behaviour and tight-lipped in their conversations. Their undercover style of operation has

earned them the title of "flack" among politicians; they're constantly known as bagmen though the term isn't meant to be as disparaging as the dictionary definition, which encompasses the collection and distribution of "illicitly gained" money.

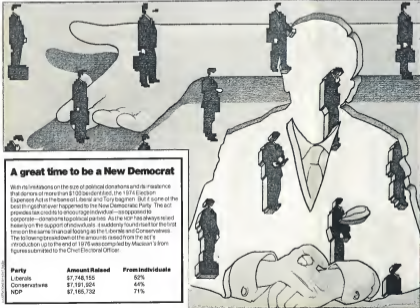
Godfrey, 45, a successful Bay Street lawyer before going to his reward in the Senate, is a refreshing exception to the type. He cannot stand secrecy and laughs at a pretence who used to make his calls from airport telephone booths and whisper, "I can't tell you where I am, but it's the biggest city in the biggest province." Then there's Patrick Womersley, Godfrey's closest companion in the Conservative party, also a Bay Street lawyer. Womersley, 31, refuses to be photographed and while he will agree to be interviewed, makes a point of not

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## A great time to be a New Democrat

With restrictions on the size of political donations and disclosure that donors of more than \$100 be identified, the 1974 Election Expenses Act is the bane of Liberal and Tory bagmen. But it's one of the best things that ever happened to the New Democratic Party. The act provides tax credits to encourage individual—as opposed to corporate—donations to political parties. As the NDP has always relied heavily on the support of individuals, it suddenly found itself for the first time on the same financial footing as the Liberals and Conservatives. The following breakdown of the amounts raised from the act's introduction up to the end of 1976 was compiled by Maclean's from figures submitted to the Chief Electoral Officer.

Party	Amount Raised	From Individuals
Liberals	\$7,746,155	52%
Conservatives	\$7,191,924	44%
NDP	\$7,165,732	71%



## John McFadgen creates works of art in a steel plant.

John McFadgen is a patternmaker at Dofasco. He's part of a team that sculpts three-dimensional patterns from wood and steel.

Their creations can be considered genuine objects of art, because industrial patterns are frequently collected and displayed as art.

However, Dofasco has a more practical use for them. Each pattern is a duplicate of a steel casting. In fact, the pattern is the first step in producing the casting.

The second step is pressing a sand and clay mixture around the pattern to make a mold. Then the pattern is removed, and molten steel poured in.

One pattern might produce hundreds of castings. So the pattern has to be accurate to hundredths-of-an-inch. That's why building it might take up to six months.

But the job doesn't stop there. Patternmakers work hand in glove with molders and other castings people to refine the design, inspect test castings, and make sure the final product is perfect.

Modern patterns can be highly complex, but the concept behind them is simple. It's been

around ever since man first discovered molten metal.

Which makes John McFadgen's job thousands of years old.

It's an age-old trade, and a very creative one," says John. "The patternmaker has to maintain a high standard of quality. He owes it to himself—and to the people working along with him."

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ing reports on annual ground, away from his own office. Vernon is even friendly in the company of other bagmen. Once, after a meeting with Godfrey the Liberal bagman suggested they have lunch together in the ultra-exclusive Toronto Club. Vernon declined; he said they should not be seen together.

There are dozens of other bagmen at work in this tight, private little world, out of the public's eye. During this election campaign, Godfrey will be helped by Bernard Munroe Reil of Montreal and Henry Hays of Calgary plus Joe Cradock, a Bell Canada executive, and Doug Thomas, a Toronto financier, among others. Vernon will be assisted by Grey Chairbourne, a Montreal insurance executive, and Roy Deyell, a Calgary lawyer, as well as up to 200 junior bagmen in Toronto. The New Democrats do not make much effort to attract corporate donations, of course, but they do canvass the unions. The main chiefly responsible is the party's treasurer Gordon Bruden, staff representative for United Steelworkers.

The NDP has always relied on individual contributions to a much greater extent than the Liberals or Conservatives and has therefore benefited more from the Election Expenses Act passed in 1974, providing an relief for individual donations and requiring public disclosure of all donations over \$100. The NDP's newly formed collection charity, 404, will allow it to spend in excess of \$1 million at the national level in this campaign, compared to just \$351,852 in 1974. The Liberals and Conservatives will spend more, much more, probably close to the ceiling of \$4.3 million imposed by the new act. The government even tried to raise the ceiling to \$5 million but the other parties were not sympathetic. (The Liberals spent about \$4 million at the national level in 1974, which translates with inflation to about \$5.5 million now. The Tories spent \$2.8 million in 1974.)

Now it's up to the fund raisers to see that the money is there for the campaign. This will be Godfrey's fourth federal election as a Liberal bagman. He was expected to retire from the field after the last election in 1974 but he turned up an astonishing \$1.5 million on his own from 90 odd firms and was deemed too valuable to let go. Besides, he says, "I deceive people who get appointed to the Senate and then just quit. I want to do my duty."

His duty is to the Liberal party. For this election his canvass has been pared to just 35 firms but they are traditionally the party's biggest donors and he will be making them to contribute \$50,000 each. "The

\* Although the policies of parties were not required in the federal election, past elections. This was the 1974 federal election. The policies of parties were not required in the 1974 federal election. The policies of parties were not required in the 1974 federal election.

—Report drawn by the two main parties since 1974, as well as professional under. Alberta: Gary Smith, Edmonton: Gary Smith, Alberta: Gary Smith, Edmonton: Gary Smith, Alberta: Gary Smith, Edmonton: Gary Smith.



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Today the leaders keep their distance from fund raising, leaving the job to businessmen with no questions asked. Theoretically, at least until the recent public disclosure of all donations over \$100, the leaders did not know who gave to the party or how much and therefore could not disburse funds accordingly. But such large sums—sums in excess of \$100,000—are involved that the color of something being brought still lingers. It is an accusation that the beguine voluntarily deny.

When I was in charge of raising money in Ontario for the 1963 federal election, says Godfrey, "all canvassers were instructed to approach prospective donors on the basis that giving a donation was merely being a good corporate citizen, and that was nothing to it for anyone. That they were merely supporting the democratic process and that they should give equally to the party in power and the official opposition."

"It was well aware that it had been traditional for corporate contributions to run 60 per cent to the party in power and 40 per cent to the official opposition. It always seemed to me completely illogical if a contribution was made by a public company on a non-partisan basis, that the party in power should receive more than the official opposition. To me, such a position might logically suggest, particularly in the eyes of the donor who was looking for something for his money and that was why he was giving money to the party in power."

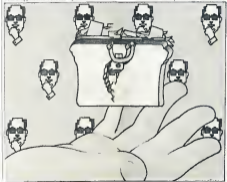
Godfrey thinks some reform policies though he was out of his mind when he started telling donors that they should give equally to both the party in power and the official opposition. "All I can say is that the

results speak for themselves. I quickly found that corporate donors were very receptive to that type of approach, and by putting the request for funds on a high moral plane I am sure we were far more successful in getting corporations to raise their donations than if we had even vaguely hinted that there might be some added advantage to their giving."

Investment rate, he says, to encourage a donor who expects a direct or indirect contribution. "Since it became involved in 1968, I can only recall four instances in which a prospective donor stated that what he might give would be influenced by some action, legislative or otherwise, which he wanted the government to take. I can recall how startled these problems were when I told them forcefully and in no uncertain terms that the Liberal party was not for sale, the government was not for sale and that was not the basis upon which the Liberal party raised or accepted money."

That's not to say Godfrey doesn't get complaints from donors, particularly about pending legislation. "And occasionally I have passed on the views of the business community to the appropriate minister," he says. "There is the president of one large corporation who, when I call him every year for their donations, gives the Liberal party and the government a five-minute tongue-lashing which has now become traditional. When I tell him that, for the kind of money his company donates, he can, as far as I am concerned, call the Liberal party and the government anything he wants, he simply laughs and cheerfully sends in their usual contribution."

The Election Expenses Act, which came



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also effect just after the 1976 election, was supposed to shift the focus of fund-raising from corporations and unions to individuals. Ten cents of \$75 were offered as donations of \$100, and public disclosure was required for all contributions over \$100. Both political parties and candidates were also to be partially reimbursed from the public purse for their expenses. But the law did not, as in the United States, ban corporate and union donations, and the Liberals and Conservatives have found they cannot be easily weaned from their traditional corporate donors.

They have tried. The Conservatives, for example, have experimented with massive direct-mail campaigns, sending out as many as 600,000 letters at a time to their appeals for money. But the results have been less than spectacular. The Liberals have asked their own to put the same on their coast-to-coast for money, but have met with only middling success outside Quebec. "Some strategy will not accept the responsibility of raising money for the party," Jacques Gaultier.

Both parties have been raising money since the 1974 election and had collected more than \$7 million each by the end of 1976. But most of this money has been eaten up in operating expenses or been plowed back in the ridings where it was raised. Moreover, the Conservatives had to pay off a debt of close to \$1 million left over from the 1972 and 1974 campaigns. The Liberals came out of those two campaigns with a surplus of close to \$1 million and are in much better shape financially.

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"Then the cold weather gave us a push. It made us look into ways to cut our heating costs, too. That's when we decided to buy a Year-round One heat pump air conditioner from Carrier.

"Frankly, our Carrier Year-round One is everything we could have asked for. It gave us money-saving heat during the winter. And during warm weather it gives us the kind of efficient air conditioning we wish we could have had years ago.

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Sell: both parties must raise over \$3 million for their national campaign and are counting on their traditional corporate supporters to supply most of it as they have in the past. But public disclosure of donations has clearly scared off some corporations. They are not just concerned with the bad publicity but often accompany such disclosure. But in fact has been minimal. But disclosure also tells fund tasters in other fields who are giving and how much it being given and leaves some corporations open to a multiplicity of demands for money. Thus, Scotland Focus said it was being approached for money by provincial parties. Although it had only given to federal parties in the past. The board of directors looked at the request and decided to stop all political donations, federal or provincial. Says Scotland Focus President Gordon Fisher: "I guess what we decided was that the world is changing and we'd better change, too."

Senators like that annoy the hagsmen but they find even more annoying the attitude of American-owned companies that have stopped contributing in Canada because such donations are illegal in the United States. The chief such company is long and mid-ocean giant like Imperial Oil, General Motors, and the Goodfry and his firm's counterpart. But Veritas actually paid a joint visit to use in an effort to change the company's mind, but to no avail. Cumberley Godfrey: "They're just importing their own laws into Canada."

A further complaint on the hagsmen has been imposed by Trudeau. He has established an annual ceiling on corporate donations of \$25,000 or \$50,000 in election year. Explains Trudeau: "We don't want to be restricted to any small number of large corporations." The ceiling on effect applies to the Conservatives as well, because few companies will give more to one party than the other. While a ceiling of \$25,000 a year can add up to \$100,000 over a four-year period, the self imposed restriction has put a crimp in the style of the hagsmen who are used to receiving that much or more in one lump during an election campaign.

The new Election Expenses Act has taken some of the pressure off the hagsmen by putting a ceiling on expenditures (\$4.3 million for the national campaign plus about \$27,800 on average for individual riding campaigns). But with the new restrictions on fund raising, some's expecting, the hagsmen may have trouble in making even that asking. Godfrey: "For one, professionalists concern: 'I am convinced' he says, "that had the Liberal party as a whole, including candidates, spent \$15 million less on \$3 million more in the last election it would not have affected the outcome in any single riding." That, however, is not the attitude of many campaign managers who in election day approaches depend ever more heavily on the John Goodfry, Pinch Veritas and Gordon Hughes of the world. □



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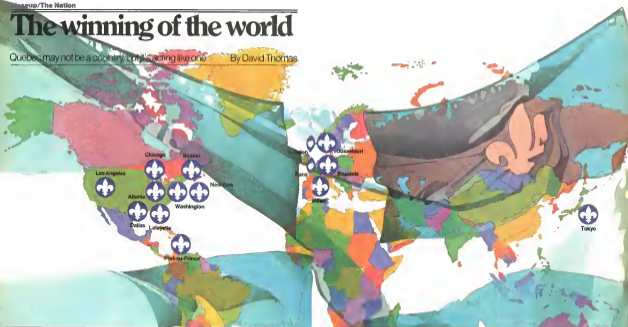
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# The winning of the world

Quebec may not be a country, but it's acting like one

By David Thomas



Stepping his way around a crowded corridor, leaving a high, grey spiral of broadband. Marcel Bergeron suggests the physical expression of what was once a repository for the more elegant of Quebec's political looks. Quebec's new delegate-general in New York, Bergeron is receiving more than the offices and halls of his \$300,000 diplomatic salary looking down on the mid-Manhattan skyline, risk of black-elfer Centre. Gone are the backs. In their place is a team of whose foreign service officers decreased to expand direct connections between Quebec and the financial powers of Wall Street and to open public in the United Nations where, in defeated Premier Robert Bourassa's bid to

unite Quebec, nationalized capital, with a seat between Qatar and Romania. The refurbished New York legation is a perpetually visible detail of a Quebec, which Bourassa and his predecessors helped make centrally sovereign in most areas that could. Emerging steadily but almost imperceptibly in northeastern North America is a nation increasingly widely past where the state is the master of the economy and where a unique Franco-American hybrid culture pervades the arts, business and government. Quebec's own income tax, its own pension plan, provincial police and new controls on immigration are some of the obvious trappings of nationality. Is there for a referendum on re-

dependence, by claim to a more opposing liberty, the right to self-determination. For a government determined to push autonomy to its ultimate symbol of independence, its international image is crucial. Elections of the Parti Quebecois has meant an aggressive foreign policy agenda, raised by Intergovernmental Affairs, Minister Claude Morin and his 400 employees and the priority has shifted from France to the United States. "That," says Bergeron after a tour of his New York offices, "is the most important legation Quebec has. The new corps and Bergeron's mandate, to turn the Quebec Government House into a consulate in all but name, are part of the War of the Flags. To start can be traced

back 30 years to the winter day when Premier Maurice Duplessis moved the United Jack from the tower of Quebec's legislature. In its place, Duplessis raised the *flamboyant* passport standard of a Quebec, serving even then to emerge in a modern, French nation under a strong voice. The state and white banner spread across the globe, proclaiming the province's burgeoning autonomy in 15 diplomatic posts in Europe, Asia, the Caribbean and the United States. Other provinces have overseas offices but none compare to Quebec's network of legations in Paris, Brussels, London, Milan, Düsseldorf, Port-au-Prince, Tokyo and eight cities in the United States. More than symbols in a

state, Canada's refusal to February to protect the opening of a Quebec legation in Senegal was a blunt move to frustrate direct relations between Quebec's international commitment and Africa's score of French-speaking countries. Success of any unilateral declaration of independence depends on its international recognition and the African states are a formidable bloc, whose loyalty Quebec is somewhat steadily trying to win away by proposing a summit meeting of French nations which would include Quebec. The province has the same full-member status in Canada as the province of former French colonies, the *Agence de coopération culturelle et technique*. Ottawa's successful sponsor-

ship of New Brunswick's entry to the agency was a victory mitigated by compromise between France and Quebec. France demanded a vote and Quebec cut its own international budget, equal to that of Canada's Quebec state participation, with Ottawa's consent, at United Nations conferences, leaving provincial jurisdiction. But this is clearly the year of Quebec's diplomatic offensive in the United States. Trade and diplomatic offices in New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, Dallas and Lafayette were added this year by a new post in Atlanta and a bridgehead in Washington itself, both merely opened as a liaison office.



Strong policy. Reconciliation of ties with France. Though suspicion that France provoked and nourished the Quebec independence movement are unsupported, French influence on Quebec's economic development is undeniably profound. Inside Quebec City's neo-French Renaissance parkland buildings, changes in style mark the return to the cultural home of Quebec's mother country. In 1966 the provincial legislature became the National Assembly, a name imposed directly from the French government, and the speaker was named president. More functionally, the design of laws has become increasingly French, with emphasis on his codes setting out general, often vague principles to be filled in later by regulations written by bureaucrats. Another copy to the formation of a technocratic state by Quebec's Ecole nationale d'administration publique, a replica of France's Ecole nationale d'administration. Technical vocabulary is imported in Quebec like wine - by the government - so that words never divorced of when Quebec was separated from France by war two centuries ago are replacing Quebec French to replace English in science and technology.

A steel wall poster issued in 1970 in celebration has been prepared to filter Quebec French of its direct transfers from native English: *le dictionnaire bilingue*. It follows, it is argued it now is domestic and organic overhauling a due heretofore to a *livre de poche*, not because the script of *le dictionnaire bilingue* Quebec's vocabulary is being some of its purely French expressions as English words is a made in Paris return home with Quebecois sophistication, the perfectly correct *le dictionnaire bilingue* to work-and, a word list imported to France and now previously pushing as why into Quebec.

Since the first exchange in 1966, more than 40,000 French and Quebec citizens have traded government-sponsored study visits to deepen their reverence. Exchanges exist for farmers, business executives, journalists, poverty groups and an assortment of the Quebec government. This year there is a special group for businessmen who want to learn how French gaps insert their legal rights. The bureaucrats of France and Quebec have organically united through the "bilingual" Commission permanente de coopération Franco-Québécoise and the Office franco-québécois pour le tourisme. Concludes Maria:

"Ten years of intense exchange with the French-speaking world has been a determining factor in our evolution." The new ties with France "provided our self-affirmation and realization of our own identity." Ours is worried and sent France a note of displeasure over a Franco-Quebec pact for annual political visits, without Canadian government sanction. Ironically for a government proud to call itself social democratic, Quebec was relieved by the recent victory of the coalition of right-wing parties in

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French legislative elections. French socialists and Conservatives have shown little sympathy for the pro-Quebec policy set by late president Charles de Gaulle.

French influence also reflects from Quebec's broad definition of the role of the state and France provided the models. For several of the province's 17 government corporations. With 35,000 employees and combined assets of \$10 billion, the state firms are roughly twice as large as federal departments but, more than that, powerful means of raising a francophone intelligentsia and making Quebec gain the jobs of outside financial forces. Quebec manages own gas wells in Alberta, a wire mill in Toronto and, it seems, through the state's own engineering, the Saguenay plant of aluminium, railway car plants, a shipyard and a new paper mill. The government's Sidbec-Desnoes runs iron mines and steel mills, while other state firms do security armaments, cables and meat curing. These crown state firms manufacture, install, commissioning of a major asbestos product.

Economic and financial self-reliance makes Quebec's state increasingly important to pressures of business and foreign tourists. The Caisse de dépôt et placement is the state investment fund controlled by taxpayer contributions in the Quebec Pension Plan. Its \$6.5 billion worth has reduced dependence on outside lenders. The Caisse succeeded to shore up Quebec bonds upped by private sponsors scared off by the election of independence-leaning Daniel Johnson in 1986, the October Crisis of 1970 and the election of the Parti Québécois. But strong state intervention implies three own dangers for the public and for the government. L'Espresso's own Italy, Hydro-Québec, has become no open adversary. Credit ignoring plans of public and governments, the power utility disfigures the landscape by ignoring all but cost in installing its power lines. Massive state houses were built for the state and Quebec's tourism jewel, the Île d'Orléans was insulated by transmission lines to sustain Hydro-Québec's reputation for financial performance. More recently, it has publicly flouted the anti-nuclear policies of Liberal and no governments through newspaper ads and speeches of its president, Robert David. Hydro-Québec has grown into a rebellious adult, but, as one of the biggest and best managed of all the utilities on the continent, it has helped and Quebec's metamorphosis from dependent province to a society fundamentally self-reliant.

Some sovereigntists fear a loss referred to would call Quebec's life and leave it as the merry of a wingtip English Canada. In fact, the foundations of Quebec's nation are probably so securely established so he severely shaken and its divergent evolution will likely continue without a hint in the line of a change in Montreal. Bernier's tale of the newly has the weight and to a way, that's what counts.



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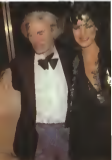
**Ontario Canada**

# Every Night Fever

Anybody who's anybody will be there, darling!

By Rita Christopher

Steve Rubell darts among the faithful, nodding, tapping a shoulder, scanning the crowd with his expert eye for "disc people," selecting the fortunate ones who will be allowed into the inner sanctum tonight. Every evening at the same time up to 1,300 would-be partyers beg, borrow



Andy Warhol with one of his "underground" stars, Barbara A. Ryan, Margarett Trudis's daughter with Ryan O'Neal (above), and just the kind of outrageous chick who can always get in party in NYC at Steve Rubell's world-class disco in New York City.

beg for entrance into Studio 54. New York's hottest new night spot. "I don't have who they are," snorts Rubell, one of the disco's three owners. "If they're not my kind of people, they don't get in."

In one brief year of existence, Studio 54 has managed to earn the sobriquet "the world's top celebrity disco." Acceptance at Studio 54 is tantamount to the ritual acknowledgment that accompanies a coronation. Six hours after getting in from Europe,

Rubell's liquor is snuggling nice to the designer Hudson in their favorite Studio 54 hangout. She's there "every night" she says. "New York." Rubell beams. If you want to capture headlines, there's no better place to beg your campaign.

Super model Cheryl Tiegs wants to change her image from just another pretty face in French Fanny's Magna, girl-of-the-year, cat-walking pose to be seen at all the right Studio 54 spectacles. Lisa Lutz, Cher, the real Fanny, Margarett Trudis, Carolyn and John Warner Beatty, David Byrne, Micki Kall, Euro-brother David Byrne, the list goes on. Even includes Woody Allen and Christina Onassis to not-so-publicity-ify Andy Warhol and Tru-

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Madonna singing and doing: *Madonna*

man Capote—they're all drawn to Studio 54.

The celebration sweep right past the trouble in the door while the 34-year-old Rubell, all five-foot-four (156 pounds) of lean waistline, his patrician poise, poised judgment, abounding aloofness—"Man George! uncip!" for instance—from disappointed pleasure seekers who can't attract his next Onyx. He took a step in the pew from artistic multi-millionaire, carpet manufacturer. But Rubell is hooked up by a small army of private security guards, including uniformed police, physical specimens as "Big George," the seven-foot bouncer who defends the front door with the grand discrimination of Curbies at the gates of Hades.

When he's not on his own turf, Rubell can't be accused of such caution. A woman who had been turned away got her revenge while Rubell was doing a Manhattan restaurant; she marched up and tossed a drink in his face.

Such anger leaves Rubell unfazed. The only people he wants in Studio 54 are "class people"—for the rest of the world he has not yet designed to exert a term "Onyx people" by his definition are "the people" attractive people. "You don't absolutely have to be young or beautiful, but if you're beautiful or young or both, it's great. I guess have blessed you with high cheekbones, you certainly have a minimal advantage in getting entrance to Studio 54. Outstanding dress and makeup also help. "Do you want my best?" a regular address someone looking first time address you. "Good by makeup will always get you in."

Gays either singly or in couples are favored. "They add something to the mix," Rubell explains. Observing a gay couple necking in the disco one night, Rubell is reported to have cracked, "I don't care if it's guys or girls that turn you on is here as

long as you get turned on." Straight singles, however, are not the focus to Rubell. "I don't want just straight, I want side singles too," he says. "I wouldn't let my own best friend in here if he was an East Side singles type." But Rubell is not without a sense of clarity. "I have a certain number of bridge and tunnel people. You know, suburban types," he says with the gravity that belies his role as New York's newest prince of night-club standing.

Of course, the easiest way to get into Studio 54 is to have a big name. "It's all the celebrities. You have to have them first. They draw business in," Rubell says. How did he get from Brooklyn, the son of a postal worker turned tennis pro, manager to hire the biggest names in international celebritydom to his club? Rubell turned to Peruvian-born jet-set public relations who Carmen D'Allesio. "They love Carmen the celebrities," he says not quite able to close the new from his nose. Thus, with the sharp business acumen of a man who knows he earns his living on other people's sociability, he adds, "and, she really has a lot of talent."

D'Allesio agrees with Rubell's estimate of her effectiveness. "I know everybody. The beautiful, the rich, they are all my friends," she says modestly, waving a list she claims has "3,000 of the best names in the world." Explain D'Allesio. "I brought them to Studio 54, all the important names. It made it so the beginning for them. Who knew Steve Rubell?" But, she adds triumphantly, "they all knew me." Her triumph is all the more significant since D'Allesio had not only to draw her glittering crowd to Studio 54 but also to lure them away from Rubell's. New York's most highly rated watering hole until Studio

54 came along. "Nobody goes to Rubell's anymore," says a former employee of New York's second-place disco. "What I mean is, only out-of-towners go, businessmen. None of the real crowd."

Rubell was repeatedly so furious over the race of events that she refused to speak to those who deserted to Studio 54. "But she had to give that up," laughs Rubell. "Because otherwise she'd have nobody to talk to." D'Allesio herself is smiling but attempts with some attempt at tact. "I am not going to say anything about Rubell. When I say on top, I don't want to say anything about anybody." But suspicion is the end proves too great. "I think I have succeeded in upsetting her. Rubell's very friendly, you know, very positive about people. So you can see why it caught her when they came to Studio 54." Suppressing a giggle, D'Allesio adds, "I think there is enough business in New York for both of us."

Still, D'Allesio is not about to rest on her laurels. She knows the little tactics of the people she enters to. "With celebrities, you have to pump them, to make them feel special," she says. At the moment, she is concerned that Studio 54 might not be giving its normal and drastic enough tinders, leaving none. When applications for membership put \$150 per person went out, members get an automatic admittance and a \$3 discount on the \$10 entrance fee. Studio 54 received 11,000 completed forms. Rubell admits no one has been able to sort out the confusion so far. He himself is not sure who is a member and who isn't. "We're working on it right now, trying to untangle everything."

There is more to keeping celebrities happy, so D'Allesio well knows, than caring for their creature comforts. Their suits must be maintained as well. "It must be amazing for them," she explains. "New faces, new people, not just the same old crowd. When Valentino or Gianni Versace are in town, I bring them. What I want is a good mix—beautiful people, artists, young people, whoever I say will get in can come." To illustrate her life and death power over the guest list, she writes, "On 'Carmen' as a small yellow card. 'With this, you will never have a problem at the door.' The mix."

D'Allesio doesn't stop at providing new faces. She also stages the spectacular parties which have been an important part of Studio 54's phenomenal success. It was a birthday party Nicki Jagger threw for her brother, in fact, that put Studio 54 on the map. Banned earlier riding on a white horse as "Joke of Jokes" were released into the air as "Joke of the Jokes," says D'Allesio with pride. After the dance, the celebrities backed in like true lords of a further Heron favorite bike was entitled "Golden Anniversary" and featured man clad only in jock straps zooming into the disco on bike. Harry Davidovich, nicknamed "the king of jock straps," was lowered on a wire from the ceiling.

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At the moment, *TV Allegiance* recently back from a 14-day absence of staging a *Real-time* special. "You know, lots of conflicts, wild music and a transitive contest like the one they have in Rio," she says. If all goes according to plan, the contest winner, herself or herself, will receive a second trip to Rio as a prize.

A recent headline grabber at Studio 54 was Les Taylor's 40th birthday party. (The event placed special distinction when Alyce Hunter, widow of recently industrialist Henry Kaiser, had a \$300,000 necklace bestowed by doves as she received to her apartment from the host.) Luminaries in attendance included Lauren Bacall

rekindle mogul Ray Charles. Thomas Capone, 38, a luxury yacht for the *Thriller* *Laurel* and naturally, the regency royalty of Studio 54, Halston Warner. Bianca and Margaret Trudeau (in a move which shows more savvy than the American press has credited him with, Taylor's press-out husband, Seltzer, against John Warner did not appear).

Why do the big names migrate to Studio 54 with such lessening-like regularity? "Why not?" whispers Warner. "I think it's quite amazing," says Capone. "You don't want to spend too much time in a place like this, but I think it's fair for a while," agrees Margaret. Nobody was able to determine

quite how Taylor, surrounded by Studio 54's elite, should have felt. "You can't really speak to her," confides one member of her entourage apologetically. "They've been doing big and I think she's really too high."

On the dance floor, a costume opera house. Laser centered into a cast studio disco music blasts out incessantly from huge speakers. Perched in a booth high above the scene, a special coordinator directs the 500 special lighting and scenery effects modified from Kahlil, "after over-produced television shows like *Dances and Music*." There are 11,000 flashing light bulbs, the most spectacular a swirling shower of red and yellow lights that descend from the ceiling on 16 moving vertical poles. A curtain with stripes of silver Mylar floating in an artificial breeze is periodically raised and lowered. Another popular backdrop features gaudy representations of the pyramids. The crowd's favorite is "The Moon and the Spoons," a concept-themed song in the movie making a case for an overrated disco genre ("Droop!" laughs Kahlil. "What can I tell you? We look the other way. Anyway, so many people are taking pills these days, how do I know if it's an aspirin or something else?")

In the crowd, a young black woman in a ribbon decorated hair, wedding veil, which falls from her head to her ankles, dances with no one in particular. An elderly gay with short, dyed blonde hair, one earring, and a flower-stem nose ring surveys the proceedings with detached amusement. Young women clad in black tight, skin-tight, and tank tops, dart through the crowd carrying drinks 32.50 apiece. Boys, who give to the music as they sweep up, wear only bright satin, some short. One man, dressed in a suit and tie, wearing a flower-stem nose ring, surveys the proceedings with detached amusement. Young women clad in black tight, skin-tight, and tank tops, dart through the crowd carrying drinks 32.50 apiece. Boys, who give to the music as they sweep up, wear only bright satin, some short. One man, dressed in a suit and tie, wearing a flower-stem nose ring, surveys the proceedings with detached amusement.

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As the climactic moment of the Taylor party, two disco screens are lowered and each of Taylor in his last dance costume, from *Manhattan* (where he got married), *At Last* (the *Movie*), *Flash* before the audience. When one of Taylor's *Claymore* appears, one young woman can restrain herself no longer. "I love you, you're wonderful," he shouts into the air. Rochester with two hot speakers, connected a platform with a huge birthday cake highlighted by a song picture of Lux. As the fireworks burst out, Halston and Lux, in blue sequin pants and top that reveal some of her famous cleavage, had show off of her immense pendant, the platform and gypsy to the heavy beat of the music. Kahlil, in a second, rubs his nose more to actually than any water getting into his face and entrance. "I'm it great!" he says loudly.

Kahlil, who couldn't have borrowed a dime from Halston a year ago, now lives to

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the designer and *Beats* singer for weekends. But despite compulsive name-dropping, he professes to be unimpressed by his new celebrity status. "Look, all these big names, they had to come from somewhere too," he says. Others, however, tell a different story. "This trip has really gone to Steve's head," says one friend. "He's so stoked. He's like a kid with a new toy."

As a matter of fact, Rubell can afford quite a lot of new toys this year. While he won't discuss profits, he lets estimates put Studio 54's first-year profits somewhere in the neighborhood of \$300,000. "The profits are astronomical," he admits happily. "Only the Mafia does better."

Over a breakfast of peanut butter and Coca-Cola at 30 in the afternoon (Rubell claims he stops for only about four hours every morning), he ponders the appeal of Studio 54. "It's like an adult Disney World. It really gives people a chance to get off on their fantasies. I think the theme atmosphere has a lot to do with it. Everybody secretly likes to be on stage and here we give them a huge space to do it all on. You know we have 5,400 square feet of dancing space here."

In the disco world, Rubell glows as rapidly as spring mushrooms and fades with equal rapidity, but Rubell says he is not worried about Studio 54's staying power. "We're already an institution. A New York tourist attraction. I get letters from people saying



Helen and Jagger, Lizzy Minnelli and Jackson (left to right) at a party. Lizzy Minnelli is the show!

they're coming to New York just for Studio 54."

With partner Ian Schrager and Jack Donaghy, Rubell plans to open a London branch next fall and another in Japan later

this summer. The phenomenal success, Rubell has no plans to expand the existing Studio 54. That, however, doesn't keep some of his associates from dreaming big. For example, Chai, in fact, has a plan to preserve a threatened New York landmark. "Can't you see it?" the young schemer says with shiny eyes. "Radio City Music Hall is a discotheque." ☐

# The World

## The Reign of Terror

While the world was still preoccupied with the fate of former Italian prime minister Aldo Moro a prisoner of Red Brigade terrorists, Western security forces were spending the early days of May anxiously trying to come to grips with the threat of a new wave of international terrorism.

Among the threats in a complicated world as part of the Palestinian struggle.

Israel's Haganah-Matzpen Schleyer, were preparing a new campaign. There are about 500 names on their death list. The contents in a series of letters to the Israeli government, which was a security report delivered a series of events that were sharp risk of the scale and character of the international threat. The contents of the letters were the involvement of one or other of the so-called "Red" terrorist groups (see box) who this year con-

tinued to kill the enemies of the young, who has spent out of the system and in single-mindedly going about smothering a new life process.

As the initial flight of Moro touched an emotional chord throughout the world, these were the events that showed how the world's New Left terrorism now cast their own.

• The arrest in Egypt in late April, of 34 people by the Provisional Government of Egypt in the Sinai Peninsula. The arrest of 34 people in the Sinai Peninsula was a sign of the growing power of the Egyptian government, and the arrest of 34 people in the Sinai Peninsula was a sign of the growing power of the Egyptian government, and the arrest of 34 people in the Sinai Peninsula was a sign of the growing power of the Egyptian government.

• Reports, in Italy and the United States, that the Red Brigades were receiving money, arms and training support from Czechoslovakia. These were all the more believable because, since the Second World War, the Czechs have provided sanctuary and work at Radio Prague for Red Brigades and for the Soviet and Soviet agencies and the hard-line views on revolutionary violence.

• The scheduled appearance, in a Dutch court on May 8, of two Red Army Faction (RAF) members, Gert Schneider and Christoph Wackernagel, whom the West German authorities were extradited. The two men are thought to have been planning to arrange the deaths in July last year of Andreas Baader and other members of the Red Army Faction by blowing up a West German airliner.

• The provision of a Belfast, late last month, of 15 members of the Irish political party, Sinn Féin. Security authorities said the arrests followed the seizure of documents indicating links with the Red Army Faction, the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) and several organizations in the Netherlands and the Far East. Since 1968, when the Red Army Faction tried to burn down a Frankfurt department store, they have seldom been out of the headlines, particularly in their 10th anniversary year. In the past year or so the Red Army Faction has murdered, specifically, three prominent West German citizens—federal public prosecutor Siegfried Buback, banker Jürgen Ponto, and Schleyer—while in Italy the Red Brigades have run up a brokenball score of kidnappings and limited public showings.

Randomly, however, has been neither sure nor swift. Despite the numbers employed—30,000 police hunted Moro's kidnappers—and recent additions to powers of arrest, interrogation and detention, back here still shows down the names of civil liberties in the United States and Italy, and comparatively few arrests have been made. Worse police still cannot find names to descriptions and lives to names often enough to be sure far whom, or for how many people, they are looking. The situation also has a marked advantage in the



were multiplying in the Middle East for further attacks on Israel; that international terrorist chief Carlos had suddenly left his Mediterranean villa in Libya and had been seen, complete with bodyguards, travelling in disguise on a Libya jet-plane in several European countries. That Red Army Faction terrorists were about to attack their strikes from Italy to Greece; and that members of the West German Red Army Faction, having despised to avoid the security forces after the murder of admi-

nistrative violence that matches the RAF or Palestinian terrorism, or terrorism of no kind is body count.

Down out of the New Left campaign movements of the late 1960s, that is, the RAF (Red Army Faction) through the working class radical that were played graduate out of the Red Army Faction. The complete picture shows a broad fronted youthful figure with all

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Taste is the reason why.



When I was a kid in London, Ontario, we

In any newspaper in Canada or the United States it is hardly possible to drop a

even like the spook he is called, is inheriting and defining an understanding.

In describing the final blender he made in not destroying the

When the "smoking gun" tape of June 23, 1972, was played in public, it showed that Nixon had lied from beginning to end, he recognized the difficulty. "This was the tape on which Bob Haldeman and I discussed having the CIA limit the CIA investigation for political reasons rather than the national security reasons I had given in my public statements...but he sees this as a political problem, never a moral one. For Nixon the only crime was getting caught. He will have it the foulest notion why



beyond the working of a genuine fear he was driven from office. Given the right circumstances, he would throw off his chains and straitjacket back to Washington, and if that doesn't make any reader's blood run cold, then this reader is some proof.

There is more to the memoirs of course. There are claspings, disclapings, whangings, self-inflating explanations, colorful anecdotes and a lot of personal puffery, the whole composed in some of the clumsiest prose ever to assault the eye and ear of man in ink and paper. However, Richard Nixon's memoirs have nothing more of substance to say than the living dead I remember from my youth. These heavy volumes are a real kick. "Boo!"

There are more in the  
members of course.  
There are claying de-  
scriptions, among  
others, self-  
mying explanations,  
debates, anecdotes  
and a lot of personal  
puffery, the whole  
composed in some of  
the clumsiest prose  
ever to assault the eye  
and ear of man. In the  
end, however, Richard  
Nixon's memoirs  
have nothing there of  
substance to say that  
the living dead I re-  
member from my  
youth, their heavy  
sneezes, I recall  
as "Boo!"

**Jacqueline Caselle**, president of *Las Vegas* and **Don McDougall**, a senior director of the *Rep*, are both temp-blue Tories.

It's hard enough that the movie industry didn't leave well enough alone once *bus route*®. In 1975 **Andrew Hecstock** made the first version of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*—

**Donat**, with **Madeline Carroll**, in the original *Thirty-Nine Steps* (below) and **Powell**, as **Jesus** (bottom) who needs it?

Shower in public all playtime except

Uleux of projections go away, the Canadian film of the year will be *An Inconvenient Truth*, which is currently in the editing stages for a fall release. It has already won the sufficient number of prizes to make it a nagging, nagging, nagging picture essay (on the October movie, and if suchcompulsion will help the most, or an additional phone script, featuring one of our stars, **Helen Shuster**, certainly shouldn't be denied). *An Inconvenient Truth* is the first of the old St. Louis Ontario movie, has made on films including *Who Was Were*, *The Wind* and *Changements* in the past two years (Hephzibah), with Peter Fontana, opens later this month in the United States. *An Inconvenient Truth* is the first of the old St. Louis Ontario movie, has made on films including *Who Was Were*, *The Wind* and *Changements* in the past two years (Hephzibah), with Peter Fontana, opens later this month in the United States. *An Inconvenient Truth* is the first of the old St. Louis Ontario movie, has made on films including *Who Was Were*, *The Wind* and *Changements* in the past two years (Hephzibah), with Peter Fontana, opens later this month in the United States.

What does a national political leader do—especially with an election looming—when he's at a Lefty-Canadians playoff game and he knows that half the country is feverishly cheering for one team and hating for the other? What **Joe Clark** did in the first game of the semifinal was to cheer for the Canadians, the team he loves anyway, and hope Toronto fans would understand; he did make a point, however, that he was a great supporter of the Toronto Blue Jays baseball team. It should be noted too that

It's had enough that the movie industry wouldn't leave well enough alone once *butchered*! In 1935 **Alfred Hitchcock** made the first version of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*—

Dorset, with Madeleine Carroll, in the original 'Thirty-Nine Steps' (below) and Powell, as Jesus (bottom), who needs it?



was and was considered a classic of the genre. With the wonderful **Robert Downey Jr.** playing what was to become the quintessential Hitchcock character, the reason bystander suddenly caught up in a web of danger and intrigue. In 1994 the steps were retraced by **Kenneth More**, the last his way. Now **Robert Powell**, the **Jean de France** Zellweger's supposedly controversial **Armed & Dangerous** is having a try at playing the beleaguered hero. Hanning, in a role rarely seen in production in the U.K. **Hannibal** (The Third New Steps was written by John Buchan, who as Lord Tweedsmuir, was once Governor-General of Canada.)

The singer **David Byrne** has never become widely **famous** in his country, and perhaps never will be. But he should be, because Byrne is a music producer for the cast of a morning show, *From The Country To The Morning*, which began in 1971, so Byrne is **legally** today has discovered and/or given national exposure to scores of Canadian musicians, vocalists and groups. Bob Karcher was among them: he was Kenny Toney and Gene DeVore and Kenny MacNeil. Byrne handled all musical aspects of the show from listening to and selecting tapes that stirred him all over the country (the gas was at your service).



**Amor: mornings (and woo!) be the same**

second company to arriving at a countless number of live-on-air concerts. So important—beloved just too strong a word—was Amor to the show that on Friday May 8, his first day on the job before moving to the local, he was cast, under a mutual director, previous hosts, including Peter Gorenzki, Henry Brown and Maxine Crook, joined international Don Harmon in a surprise live broadcast tribute to him.

What else for the man who once figured out how to put a top dancer on a radio? His moving from dance on a radio?

# Justice

## The man who knew too much

Alexander Peter Treu arrived first. He stood outside courtroom 1511 in Montreal's Palais de Justice smoking Corona "A's," chatting with the press and greeting acquaintances with friendly banter. "At least you're not wearing a black tie," he told one friend. Treu had good reason to play the carefree story: he was about to become the first Canadian in more than a decade to be sentenced under the Official Secrets Act.

On April 28, the 50-year-old electronics engineer, who emigrated from Germany in 1938, had been found guilty of breaching two sections of the act: possessing classified documents without security clearance and failing to protect the material according to regulations. That warranted the two-year penitentiary sentence imposed May 4 by senior court Judge Luc Tremblay—completed only one living chapter of the saga. Immediately after sentencing, defense lawyers filed an appeal. While the legal process lurches into gear, Treu is free on a \$100,000 bond.

The story of Alexander Treu is nothing if not bizarre: the man to some extent the face of the geography of fog.

From 1967 through 1972, Treu worked for Northern Electric, designing communications and surveillance systems. The client was NATO. When Northern Electric signed out of defense contracts in 1972, Treu was federal approval to start his own company. Canada's Canadians to contract work in this sensitive area. As a security officer cleared him out, he was stuck in the trap of secrets, he had "top-secret cosmic clearance."

Here, the term becomes nebulous. In June, 1973, Stanley Jenkins—director of industrial services for the department of supply and services—asked Treu to review his clearance in Canadiana name. Treu filled out the 83-part form and sent it back. He continued to receive classified material. It was not until March 1974, when senior officers dropped by for a visit, that Treu learned that Jenkins had revoked his security clearance three months earlier. Treu was investigated, charged (two years later) and finally sent to secret—the court's prerogative under the act.

**Treu: whether or not justice was done, it was quite literally not seen to be done**

Throughout, Treu insisted that he was the victim of bureaucratic negligence: the clearance had been suspended, but no body had been told. If officials had been informed, why did Treu continue to receive confidential material? Why was he invited to top-secret meetings in Ottawa? "Jenkins acted unethically," Treu announced. "He did not check with anybody."

Jenkins himself has categorically refused comment on the case. Other government bureaucrats have been equally resistant. "There's more to it than just the official charges," admits Jean Laporte, one of Treu's lawyers, "but I can't tell you what."

The "more" probably involves a document known as P-22, a prospectus drafted by Treu in August, 1973, for a grand-scale defense environment for several Asian nations, including China. But Federal Crown Prosecutor François Huard insists that Treu had tried to export secret secrets for commercial gain. "I warned you," he told the court, "to whom Treu's covering letter was addressed."

Treu denied that a covering letter was even attached to P-22 and defense lawyer Michel Chabot argued that if Treu had no right to sell classified data he was not to do so to deliver the same documents. "It was all in his head." And added Treu, both Ottawa and Jenkins himself approved the prospectus.

Judge Tremblay's sentencing remarks—a rambling 30-minute address during which he looked only once at the accused—seemed to grasp these inconsistencies. He did not believe Treu had hidden his secret, nor even that he was a criminal, in the common sense of the word. But he had committed a grave offense, and it was up to him to deliver justice.

The outcome of the offer may have been satisfactory for the Crown. But for everyone else, there are only lingering questions. Who is Stanley Jenkins, and why did he revoke Treu's security clearance? Who was informed that clearance had been suspended? Was a covering letter signed by Treu, attached to P-22 sent to whom was it addressed? How much of his prospectus was received simply by the RCMP's desire to punish its badly disciplined usage? Why did the Crown take two years and ordered \$150,000 to put a man in jail for assuming people, perhaps eight months? Why was it necessary to hold the entire trial in secret? Surely the press and the public could have been excluded from testimony pertaining to official secrets. And what constitutes an official secret anyway? The act itself is a marvel of forbidity.

In argument, Chabot rightly recalled what his philosophy professor had said about truth: "It is like a diamond: It has several faces. The Crown has given you one. There are others. I ask you to be a bit of a jeweler in your judgment."

Representative in the dark after a year, the truth of the Treu affair seems hardly better.

MICHAEL POWERS

# Sports

## Class struggle



The stars between Toronto Maple Leafs and Montreal Canadiens should have ended as one of the great grudges in hockey history. Not up to former Toronto owner Conn Smythe's refusal to speak to Boston owner Art Ross for 12 years, perhaps, but certainly in the same league as Smythe's five-year idiosyncrasy toward Joe and Deacon owner Link Adair. In the case of the personal grudge, 11 years to the very day had passed since the two teams last met in the National Hockey League playoffs, on October 14, 1961. Toronto had just been severely chastised by denying Montreal the chance to show off in the Stanley Cup at Expo. What this year's opening game produced, however, was less a clash, than a long war that eventually ended 5-3 on the dead Leafs. And it seemed the people of Montreal expected no better as there was still space for more than 2,000 spectators in the Forum. Outside in the streets, sculptures stood at hand-fall of inches as if they were one member off in the lobby and linebreakers barked a series of good goals still available. But there was no luck. Nobody seemed about to be hooked yet again. After all, how could you lose a grudge match when it wasn't even the same game, anymore?

The key year 1967 was not only the last great year for only but also for hockey.

Len Tardiff trying to move Steve Sturt off the puck. Montreal's outskilling and Trevor Johanson making sure Guy Lafleur stays away skidding to center.

The game had a child's simplicity to it: a six teams only, and the last best made to play the playoffs. Who year is the most absurd example of owners' greed to be found in professional sport. Of the 16 teams made it to the playoffs, and four of those select teams were not capable of winning even in their games in their last. One play-off team the Colorado Rockies, now down from one out of every four played in theory the Rockies—same one player and you too can make the team—would have fought through 24 post-season games, and emerged—by they once dared to call a hockey's "champions of the world."

It was sadly those that on the very day Montreal won its second straight game over Toronto, Team Canada '78 (made up of players whose pattern teams didn't follow in the playoffs) was being awarded \$4.8 by the Czechoslovakia team in the new world championship being held in Prague. From the start, Montreal ended as regular season the team could have flown to Prague, instead a little pride in Canadian hockey and earned home in plenty of time to play whatever team deserved to.

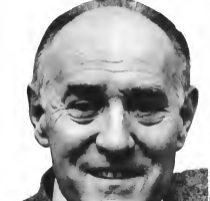
ment the Canadiens in the Stanley Cup playoffs. But no, the Canadiens were first fast against lowly Detroit, then against Toronto—and you could hardly find Montrealers for moving the series with later contempt. The Canadiens had, after all, finished fully 37 points higher than the Leafs in the standings, and while Montreal

had been waiting for the Canadiens to come back.

in Stanley Cup since 1967. Toronto had been building a water system of the football. Apparently, Leafs, you can depend on. The Leafs had won a single game in Montreal since March 24, 1978.

The most remarkable thing was that Toronto was all in the playoffs. Against the only superior and more exciting New York Islanders, the Leafs had struck a solid victory for all that it's with hockey. For those who had knock before crossed sticks and played nicely, but the Fred Stern School of Boxing Hockey had closed with the Philadelphia Flyers' last Stanley Cup three years ago. The 1977-78 Maple Leafs had been a disaster from the start. The Leafs had a brand-new coach, Roger Neilson, a man who seemed convinced ice hockey was a derivative of table hockey, not vice versa, with about as much joy to it as folding handkerchiefs. As an example to the others, Errol Thompson, a first-team player whose career in hockey was a mere game to be enjoyed, was traded by the team for Dan Maloney, a former-juggler forward who, however, his skates with power better and who believes the object of the game is to win when you can't keep quiet against the boards longest.

In the end Toronto produced a name out



much better than it had been for your best under coach Red Kelly. But it was different, hockey for the new Leafs was far less a joyful, surprising game than it was the "business" of U.S. hockey in the Six and World Wars—a euphemism for business. Fortunately for true hockey fans, they went further than before in the playoffs because of the feats of the only two Toronto players who represent the unpredictable nature of the game: Mike Palmisano and Jim Turek. Since Palmisano is a goaltender, he is by hockey's common law, excusable in anything he does short of showing up made for practice (though even that has been done by Gilles Giesse, late of the New York Rangers). As for Turek, however, he and Neilson have been used to the middle all season on just how the game is played, and it may well be that in the playoffs Turek will be completely out of Neilson's control. Neilson did the only sensible thing he could in the second game, he replaced Tiger Williams, who'd been high-sticking air pokers for two games, and moved Turek to a defensive slot, up to play forward.

In Montreal, the Toronto game played hot and slow things down to the point that the opposition felt asleep—fell apart. This can be all they want, said Canadiens' captain Yvan Cournoyer, "but we won't be there." The Leafs, who for some reason have not a single telephone on their roster, could only grip in frustration at the likes of Guy Lafleur and Cournoyer pulled away with their word. Cournoyer was quick to concede that there was always a little extra satisfaction in beating Toronto, and Ken Dryden—the Montreal goaltender who assisted the Canadiens' victory with his hockey-political play. "Go Canadiens—try to exploit it further. I have no idea what it was like before," says Dryden, "but since I have been here the rivalry has become more intense. Particularly great that Toronto has come up with a better team in well so that other aspect." That other aspect is, of course, the Patri Québécois story.

In the end, whatever war was done by Toronto against the Leafs, it was up to Montreal during Expo '87 night, certainly, to be repaired by this year's Leafs. Even if by some local force Montreal has, Quebec would still realize that if there's one thing the rest of the country desperately needs, that's a constant reminder of hockey. Canada's national game is supposed to be played.

RON WALLERSTEIN

## The pride of the Expos

They always say people who are left-handed are a little different, they're lively, eh?" says Ken Grimsley, a southpaw pitcher for baseball's Montreal Expos. However, there is nothing lively about Grimsley's manner with the Expos. The team entered May looking like the place on the National League's East Division, thanks to Grimsley supplying five of the

team's first 12 victories. His 5-4 record was best in the entire league, and Grimsley was named as Pitcher-of-the-Month for April, the first Montreal player ever so recognized.

The 30-year-old Grimsley, a seven-year major-league veteran, and another southpaw, 30-year-old Roly May, are the principal shareholders of the rising stock of Montreal's pitching staff. Last year, they composed half the starting rotation at Baltimore, combining to post a 23-24 record for the



Grimsley getting his fifth win, slow burn

second-place Orioles. The Expos acquired their first shiny star last December, Grimsley via the free-agent-on-stay draft for an estimated \$1.4 million over six years and May via a player trade. "They were 30 wins between them," says New York Yankee Reggie Jackson, a former teammate of Grimsley and May in Baltimore. May's April was only less conspicuous than Grimsley's because the Expos gave him poor defensive support, committing 12 errors in his starts though May was not 2-1 and allowed fewer than three earned runs per game.

Grimsley has tried not to surrender. Despite his on all other occasions when "He throws a change-up on a change-up," pitching coach Jim Brewer says. "The absence of pitching is keeping guys off balance. That's an art as well." Brewers are forever laughing at Grimsley's pitchers when they should be waiting, not waiting when they should be laughing—the epitomes of baseball as against a pitcher whose average pitch can be clocked by the kick on mallet. "One time in Texas," Grimsley recalls with a smug look, "they put the gun on my fastball. Seventy-nine miles an hour [John Ryan regularly throws at more than 100 m.p.h.] But I was the game 6-1." The only people to go in, Grimsley heard, were players and fans, but rather the officials of the Olympic basketball team. Hundreds of the

the Olympic Stadium, to whom he complained bitterly about the stadium's "40,000 doors that lead nowhere" after two main stands, pitcher Daniel Krewetz and shortstop Lanny Parnell, had to break down a door to get out one night. Grimsley threatened to ditch his vest and go home taking much of the Expo 1975 keeps with him, and so no one's surprised the two problems were quickly resolved in Grimsley's favor.

But things have not always gone his way lately. Grimsley is being aced by a National League pitcher. He signed with Cincinnati out of high school as a Member—"Sixteen words came to me one and said I couldn't throw hard enough"—and with the Reds until he had a pair of wins in 1973. Grimsley then spent four fairly successful years with the Orioles, winning 50 games and losing 42, before Montreal came knocking with offers of U.S. dollars and instant fame as the west already no combined to prosper.

"I saw what happened with some of the others when they signed for so much money," he says. "But if a guy walks up to you on the street and says 'I'm going to give you a million dollars to paint houses, you're going to do it, even if you've never painted houses before.'" If Grimsley stands on calling it money rather than pitching, he must surely be thinking of modern art—because a winning pitcher is certainly new to Montreal culture.

BOB DAVIES

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# Lifestyles

A workhorse of a different color



It's no accident that they've noticed. Eight vans sold down Winnipeg's Portage Avenue at a dealer as parade pace. Their drivers appeared comfortably in "Canadian shirts," describing the city to one another over CB radios as if searching for the first time down this flat, broad avenue. They spoke as well as the Toronto-based service company. Don and Bradstreet, when 36-year-old marketing services manager Steven Winger pulls into the parking lot in his blue and white CJ-7 Jeep. "It was a dream," Winger confesses, "but it has become a necessity. As I become part of the race two months. I've got to have a release. Rather than wearing my hat and jeans, I drive the Jeep." He chuckles. "That again I like standing out."

Not everyone who buys some pickup trucks or four-wheel drive vehicles hauled four by four, don't see merely to be rugged—for "show and go" in the drizzle of life. Such vehicles are bred for hard work under extreme conditions and a good many last their sides along shores on farms, oil fields and snow-dusted city streets. But while sales of passenger cars have risen only 13.7 per cent during the past five years, light-duty vehicles have multiplied by an average 86 per cent. Van sales reached 77,882 in Canada last year, up 141 per cent from 1972, while the real workhorse, the pickup, sold 208,435, up 64 per cent. The recent success story is the four-by-four type, which sold 25,717 vehicles, up a startling 296 per cent from 1972. So great a demand that American Motors makes the Jeep converting its Blazer into a four-wheel drive.

Winger and his of Gary Richards, beside his AMC Renegade Jeep in Toronto (left), Ford light trucks coming off the line and—briefly—waiting to be shipped from Oshawa: the new kings of the road.



Jeep production this summer. Right across the country, in fact, trucks of all kinds and prices are grabbing a larger share of the market. In Alberta, both General Motors and Ford report selling as many trucks as passenger cars, while in British Columbia car sales are just barely above a 1:1 ratio. By contrast, the national average is 3:2 cars to every truck, down from 2:2 in 1972. Most light trucks are credit-financed, but ratio will drop to 2:1 by 1979.

No one in the industry can estimate how many utility vehicles are purchased for seniors, which have nothing to do with work. Most say the increased sales reflect a trend to make people more mobile, and vehicles that give them a chance to stand out in the anonymous world of family sedans. That's why many are bought with the full trappings of a working rig—a wrench on the front bumper, perhaps, and jerrycans (often in gleaming chrome plate) on the back. Even the most rugged vehicles are as popular in the big cities as they are out of place there. With their fancy trim packages, air conditioning, stereo and all manner of power windows and creature comforts that simply were prices in the \$15,000 range, they have made almost the notion of a vehicle that "rides like a truck."

The van, the original freshener, is the youthful "escape machine" that took the place of "muscle cars" and cost pollution tax. Nick 444. Those last heavy cars were doomed as long ago in 1968 by crash, by very especially soaring insurance rates. The van became—for a brief moment—the low-cost alternative. But that too changed with the great rush which only three years ago left nine manufacturers with 14,000 orders on hand at the end of the model year but no vans to fill them. A partner in a Toronto shop which consumes more than 1,000 vans a year describes his fellow truckers as good-time, good-life.



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David Cole, dot tracking is a great job: more than a sport, more as a way of life.

Photo: J. J. J.

types. "The kinds of guys who wear fuzzy backward letter T-shirts," Bruce Clark, a 35-year-old Vancouver resident, drove a van before switching to a K-5 Blazer as the four by four third overtook the country sweeping—in do most Canadian auto sales—westward from British Columbia. "The four by four's not really a young people's phenomenon," Clark says. "It's more family oriented and reflects the trend toward an outdoor lifestyle."

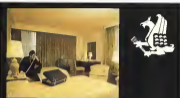
The four by fours have been the darlings of the utility vehicles as trucks on, and there's no good chance they'll be the darlings to fade. There are problems—four by fours don't make even 10 miles to a gallon of gas and some provinces, such as Alberta in 1977, are taking steps to limit their use on public roads—but the enthusiasm of their devotees has not diminished. In British Columbia, a series of five wheel-to-wheel races over a nerve-shredding obstacle course proved so popular in its first year that the sponsor, a brewery, is paying up nearly \$10,000 in prize money again this year. And lots of coverage awaits, including one and scrambling for pure pleasure, says David Cole, an electronics businessman from Ontario. He should know. He still fondly remembers the New Year's he spent driving around off about 2 a.m. "We were in one wicked little gravel pit, just driving and hazing each other out with wipers."

BY NANCY BEEQUE



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# Drama

## Lindsay's Inferno

Toronto has never seen a grand entrance quite so grand quite so unmaking. Down the main corridor Salomé, amongst plumed, flame-hair chills white face, the lips are a gaudy red, the beads and sequins on her gown throw off a thousand sparkles. All

moment in the theatre ceases as Salomé picks her delicate way across the stage like an elegantly vulnerable and frank, gothic. The eyes flutter, the lips quiver. A world of infinite plays across her mouth—preparation less from the knowledge that she



Kemp as himself (above), as Salomé, with David Houghton as Javaher (below), and as Divine, again with Houghton—this time as The Archangel Gabriel (left); the audience doesn't work out, it melts out



has the audience in the palm of her hand. With this star arrival Lindsay Kemp, 40ish son of a British naval officer, sets the stage for a series of Oscar Wilde's drag-groom duos that's wholly mesmerizing in its focus and pure theatrical power.

Rightly, the Lindsay Kemp Company, appearing in Toronto for the first time, is the hottest show in town. It opened two months ago with Kemp's pastiche production of *Our Lady of the Flowers*, John Galsworthy's novel of passion between flowers, too, was regrettably received by critics, and Kemp's own dazzling performance as the pastiche singer-memoirist Divine—in a show that opened with masquerade, moved on to tributes, and ended a blood-soaked audience seeking out all the theatre "Overything," showed one mistake, adding with a sigh, "And now I've got to go home."

Kemp's work is richly textured and fashionable, it appeals to the senses more than the intellect. Cheap pastiche, of course, high camp, audacious and engaging music (heavy on Wagner) supplied in the threshold of grand, he creates extravaganzas suffused in snails, snakes and violence. In very theatricality, of course, offends some, and his detractors say that Kemp's work is no more than a drag show with artistic pretensions—all well, if not, decadent, eccentrically homoerotic.

*Gloucester and Most to London* Dick Beddies is one of the premier directors. Beddies, too, was regrettably received, "made me want to throw up," it's a mystery now, and the box-office success at Toronto Workshop Productions suggests that few theatre goers are used to Beddies' minimalist aesthetic. His administrator Jane Faulkner thought the company in from Britain for a five-week stay through the end of April. It was a gamble, the theatre wound international space for its season, but Faulkner privately worried that Kemp's flamboyance might not click in Toronto. In fact her gamble has paid off so well that Kemp and his company are staying until mid-June.

The show who crossed these producers is small, with an English face, shaven head, huge ears and given to sweeping gestures and hyperbole. "I have a reputation," he says, "for making trips"—also one for performers, though some feel false modesty. He includes himself naturally on a short list of actors such as Picasso, Stravinsky, Chagall and the Russian Ballet. "Far as a stage is like a painting," he says, "I choose the colors and I define the subject matter."

A descendant of one of the clowns at Shakespeare's Globe theatre, Kemp was urged to follow his father into the story ("my mother didn't realize I was gifted"), soon left, took music and drama classes, and gradually developed his own performing style. He formed his current company in 1966, and has become a London club figure with a cult's claque of devoted disciples. Kemp claims, with some reason, to have founded rock's "glitter" movement,

certainly he is in that figure, and among the company's clients is rock singer David Bowie, whose compelling stage presence and gaudy ambiguitous sexuality owe much to Kemp's teaching.

Shunned by the stuffy British Arts Council, which consistently denies his company any subsidy, Kemp arranges free-lance work as London and takes his company touring wherever he can. Along the way he often picks up roles as he becomes part of the company—in the past usually like The Incredible String Band, who recently hired him and worked with Kemp since 1982, or, temporarily, like the legendary dancer Arthur Doyle, who at 73 is in To-

ronto playing *Macbeth* as Salomé (just for the Kemp experience).

This experience is basically an international comic or homosexual equality. The company stopped on Broadway, where such sexuality is less theatrically unique than in Toronto, which has never seen it presented with such focus and style. "Feminine theatre is so deeply involved in bleakness that there's little color on stage here," notes Glendene Wolfson, executive director of the Theatre Workshop. "Kemp's work is outrageous in a rich," says Kemp's agent, showing his own open like Lindsay Doyle: "I want to offer everything to the world."

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## Cities

### One more good intention to pave the road to hell

While Diane and Michael Perri moved into their \$47,000 Etobicoke condominium in August 1978, the spacious, three-bedroom unit was the "dream home" they could finally afford after 13 years of paying rent. But the Perri's dream has become a nightmare: their second-floor apartment is gradually being overtaken by water. It has crisscrossed their furniture, draped carpeting and clothing—and killed all their plants. The couple is convinced the problem is caused by moisture seeping through from the unit or as a result of inadequate construction. Says Diane Perri: "I've had hundreds of pest control and lead 35 pounds in the past six months because of this."

In a province where condominium living has been hailed as "the lifestyle of the future" and supported with government subsidies as an answer to the shortage of

affordable housing for low- and middle-income families, it would be conforming to think the Perri's disillusionment is isolated. It's not. Most people who have purchased condominiums have taken a leap into the unknown. Buyers, however, even lawyers overseeing sales transactions have known far too little about the complexities of condominium living. The most fundamental ingredients—sound responsibility for common property and the quality of community life—so vital to one buyer's satisfaction last 1967 when the first condominium was registered in Ontario, that ignorance has proved so difficult to eradicate that buyer confidence is in an all-time low, owner satisfaction badly tarnished.

Michael and Diane Perri, their condominium, and their mould and mildew. It's funny, but the side cover opens off this



and developers is a prodigious source. Several condominium corporations have gone bankrupt and many are in financial distress because of mismanagement and difficulty collecting common expenses from delinquent owners. In an effort to improve the situation, Ontario Consumer and Commercial Relations Minister Larry Grossman is expected to introduce a new Condominiums Act in the legislature by month's end. Devising the new act is "heavily based on consumer protection legislation," Grossman says it represents the major part of a reform package based on last December's report of the Ontario Residential Condominium Study Group. A task force that found new Ontario rules governing condo life in the last year.

With more than 10,000 units, Ontario has not only the largest number of condominiums in Canada but the worst oversupply. In one month, fully two-thirds of the 24,000 homes listed for sale in the Greater Toronto Area were condominiums. In many cases, vendors have been forced to accept less than their purchase price in order to sell. Worsening the overbuilding problem is the trend toward converting rental accommodations to condominiums. But these are not the only reasons the market is bottlenecked out. According to Monica Kowale, vice-president of the Association of Etobicoke Condominium Corporations, the slump results in part from the willingness of owners "to expose our dirty linen in public."

Some examples. As law firms prosecute Ontario condominium owners are now involved in multimillion-dollar lawsuits against builders for alleged construction defects. In one case, a fire engine answering a call to a North York unit took water-drops into the condominium's roof. Owners at a Scarborough townhome development saw their monthly maintenance fee soar from \$55 to \$5,000 in less than two years as a result of the builder's "leak-balling" the true cost of common expenses to attract casual buyers. The prospective owner of another North York condominium has been paying rent to the developer for 18 months because of registration delays. York Condominium Corporation president Don Bond says that in some cases owner apathy hampers the co-operative decision-making necessary to a well-run condominium development. "We're lucky to get 30 out of 300 owners at a meeting, and there are some who won't lend vote by proxy."

The new Condominiums Act should offer relief for beleaguered condominium owners by placing stricter controls on corporations. Including the lengthy approval process preceding registration and requiring developers to provide thorough documentation of the project while ownership is transferred to the unit buyers. At the same time, provisions will be made for a 10-day "cooling off" period during which a buyer may cancel a purchase agreement. While the report on which the act was based met with praise, Larry Grossman's

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Bored the 'victims' slog away in droves

description of condominium owners as "deliciously" happy with the recommendations is perhaps a little hypocritical, says Ed Philip who represents the condominium donor. Enthusiasm rating for the new cult the owner "judges" because it fails to come to grips with what he believes are the most urgent concerns facing owners such as himself: unfair taxation, poor property management and shoddy construction.

But the root of the current malaise is not poor management. Failure to enact the right legislation, says Rodette. "It's people, too. There has to be a great sense of co-operation among the owners or it just won't work." Henry Dochow, secretary of the Federation of Ontario Condominium Associations, is convinced there is a need to demonstrate to consumers that purchasing a condominium is not the same as selling an apartment or buying a single-family house. He says he's "appalled and amazed" at the lack of knowledge of his own members. "Those who do not want the responsibilities associated with community living should think very carefully before purchasing a condominium," cautions the study group report. Many people do of course and for them the condominium lifestyle is well worth pursuing. Ed Philip calls it the "lifestyle." "There are a good many people like myself who don't have the time or taste on the choral of gardens and outside maintenance." Even Denise and Michael Perna, who are seeking \$20,000 damages against the builder of their Toronto-area unit, remain committed to the condominium ideal. Says Denise: "It's the modern way of living."

By The Editors



Photograph courtesy of Air Canada Ltd. 1978

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# Adventure

## A bird in the hand

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attempt to get more enjoyment out of life killing.

The return to falconry is aggressive when viewed against the difficulties falconers must overcome. Hunting with birds of prey is illegal in Alberta and all provinces from Quebec east. In Manitoba and Ontario a hunting permit is easy to get but falconers may not own species of raptors native to the province. If they choose to import from the Yukon, British Columbia or



down-captivity cycle, what sometimes kills the majority of falconry.

Falconry began as an elite blood sport in Persia some 2,500 years ago and attached its name to Europe in the Middle Ages. In Canada today the sport is illegal in six provinces and restricted in others by the scarcity of birds of prey (raptors)—the peregrine falcon, for one, is almost extinct—and a provision from powerful conservationist lobbies. Still, the sport endures and is experiencing a small resurgence. Those of the six falconry clubs in Canada have been formed since 1975 and two are less than one year old. The new Ontario Raptor Society has grown in a few months from six to 15.

Doug Wilson, 32, secretary of the Ontario Raptor Society, became a falconer because he no longer was any sport in hunting with a rifle. "My ferruginous hawk, Top, nibbled 23 consecutive test writers. With a gun, I'd have easily shot a hundred. It's so pitifully simple to kill them." He is echoed by Sandy Macaulay, of the two-month-old Manitoba Falconers' Society, who believes falconry is part of a return to sports such as hunting with bow and arrow or birdcock. "They increase the element of chance by making the competition," he says. "They're an at-

taching like a paralyzed accomplice. But if you lose your temper once, you'll never get its confidence back." Once trained, a raptor requires a few hours of exercise a day daily. And whether attached by a leather leash to an unprotected perch in a back garden or kept loose in an eight-cubic-foot shed-like "mew" the bird's delicate constitution and sensitivity to minute weight gains make daily weighing necessary. Doug Wilson's ferruginous hawk stands five inches high, weighs about five pounds and has a 54-inch wingspan. While the largest bird of prey used for hunting the Golden Eagle can weigh 16 pounds and reach a height of two feet and wingspan of 78 inches.

What the falconer fears most is the day his raptor chooses freedom over obedience. That day has come for president of the Saskatchewan Falconry Association Robert Rafuse, whose five-year-old prairie falcon Sage has gone missing. "I go out every day for three hours walking, driving, calling for her," confesses Rafuse. His sense of loss is hard to express—and harder still to bear because he knows "there's no affection of bird for man—it's all one way." Four thousand years after the blood sport began it still hinges on the hunter's unusual relationship with his bird. "The bird can quit any time," says Rafuse. "When it's flying it's free." MARK MAGUIRE



Wilson and Tina having a little talk (above), and going into action (right). Many are poore, but only refuse to capture

Saskatchewan, they run up against a law that prohibits accidents from being granted export permits. Usually the would-be falconer must track down a missing or tame or injured adult back to health. Then he faces someone who won't. Conservationists deplore his acquisition of an endangered species, naturalists and humane societies condemn the confinement of a wild creature, the sportsmen object to the scripted diet of chicken heads and live pigeons. With such overwhelming opposition, falconry clubs today need political allies. The Ontario Raptor Society has shrewdly aligned itself with the 17,000-strong Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters.

Falconers are quick to point out that it takes a totally cynical and individual to argue with the sport. "It's not like a gun that you stick in the corner after hunting," says Wilson. "There's four hours a day of tedious rote training is necessary to develop a responsive bird. Macaulay says the result of persuading a falcon to land on a chicken head for the first time is purest joy." "You're feeling frustrated and the bird's

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# Health

## Schizophrenia and the Penicillin Connection

Canada's 200,000 schizophrenics—who suffer from the most mysterious and severe of all mental disturbances—may not be the best candidates to appreciate the few benefits of their condition: immunity to pain, to arthritis, to flu and allergies, to shock and possibly even lung cancer. But now archaic brain models over the medical significance of these immunities for a long time. Now Dr. David Horrobin, of the Clinical Research Institute of Montreal, thinks he's found the answer: plus a simple safe treatment: penicillin. Horrobin recently completed an experiment with 10 chronically schizophrenic patients at Montreal's LaSalle LaSalle Hospital. All of them had been hospitalized for more than 10 years and all were known to deteriorate rapidly if taken off the heavy tranquilizers that kept them calm—but also drowsy and uncoordinated. Horrobin was so sure of his theory that he had the patients go cold turkey for six weeks, substituting only doses of penicillin for their usual medication. All but one remained stable. "The best part," says Horrobin, "was that cessation of the side effects that made the patients believe like zombies."

He is convinced that some types of schizophrenia are caused by a deficiency of prostaglandin E<sub>2</sub> (PGE<sub>2</sub>), a hormone messenger. Horrobin first recognized the possibility five years ago when he injected himself (during an unrelated experiment) with the hormone precursor, which stimulates PGE<sub>2</sub> production. Problems were thought to have only physical origin but it caused Horrobin to become profoundly depressed. In despair, he began searching the medical literature and slowly a few pieces fell connected with prostaglandin levels. All sorts of place: Schizophrenia, blood clots are known to be deficient in the substance, which Horrobin thought might account for some of their immunities. The prostaglandin produced at the site of an injury is known to cause part of the pain response; schizophrenics, who have little of it, can tolerate a great deal of pain. They never get arthritis, while arthritis is known to have high prostaglandin levels. And even some of schizophrenics often disappear when a patient contracts a high fever—a condition that raises his prostaglandin level.

Suspecting that PGE<sub>2</sub> deficiency was the culprit, Horrobin began to search for a substance that would stimulate its production. A rambling letter from a New Jersey layman noted Omega Cooper passed the way. Horrobin, who received a lot of credit as a winner of Medical Research, a professional journal devoted to ideas and speculation in first developed Cooper's

suggestion to use antibiotics to stimulate PGE<sub>2</sub>. Then he decided it might be worth trying. Two days of lab work using penicillin as the drug confirmed the "zombie" theory.

With only the Montreal news behind him, Horrobin says it's too early to draw conclusions—and researchers are wary of brooding, say, "helpful." He could have achieved the same results if he'd just given



Horrobin's close-out of 10 years' bad

them a cup of tea for six weeks," says Dr. Philip Secor, a specialist in schizophrenia research at the University of Toronto. But he isn't David Secor's professor Horrobin's "daring experimentation" and is looking forward to a much more ambitious experiment due to begin in May. Sixty schizophrenic patients will be treated over six months under "double-blind crossover" conditions—no one directly involved in the tests will know who's swallowing placebo or penicillin and, part way through, patients will be switched from one to the other. In the meantime, Horrobin is working on improving his own discovery. Theorizing that a natural food source would be preferable to any drug, he is checking the PGE<sub>2</sub> potential of some stronger than has been under everybody's noses, all along—the seed of the evening popcorn which grows wild all over Canada.

TERRY FORTON

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# Awards must mean something—or why would we hand out so many?

Column by Mordecai Richler

Ronald Bryden, Montreal's theatre critic who is currently teaching drama at the University of Toronto, once offered me a useful definition of Canadians. Canadians, he said, are nice, very nice, and expect everybody else to be very nice. And he might have added they are always celebrating each other with awards, medals or plaques. Recently for instance, a mere 30,000 votes-translated: Canadians were adjudged differently distinguished—had they gained the Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal, which at least had the charm of being a do-a-yourself bubble. Like any airplane model kit, it came in a box with his usual instructions for assembly as well as, as he felt, a citation from the G-G. Alan, the G-G's citation was printed out, as in the case with all unadorned junk mail the signature was stamped.

In this endearing country no distinction however ecstatic passes without a tag. Only a month ago, the Montreal branch of the Association of Canadian Television and Radio Arts, the performers and writers' union whose members meet once a year to speak English and present each other with silver cups, surfaced with a real anger, as award for the movie woman who had performed the best singing commercial on radio.

Thirty years from now, possibly, the proud winner will be asked, "Buddy, what did you do in the '70s?" You know, when the country was threatened with serious fracture, our dollar was crumbling a cent a day, and was Joe Clark, remember him, was suddenly old enough to shave, though not to think for himself, which would have been embarrassing.

Why, ask I now the ageing commercial award ACTRA Montreal branch.

Our generosity even threatens to undermine the country's most meaningful award, the Stanley Cup, with a ludicrous 12 out of 18 teams invited to take into the playoffs, only on teams having been eliminated after the trials of a 720-game season.

Mind you the Americans are just as rich. The most moving moment in the Winter-pigeon hearings came when a senator reproached Maurice Stans, a Republican feed-store, for his somewhat dubious

book-keeping asking him if he was not in fact a member of the Accountancy Hall of Fame. And whatever Canadians can do, Canadian Jews can do better. Which is to say, no Jewish middle class furnished basement is now without an awards! Well, say what you like about Israel's transient foreign policy, that little country's annual emergency bond drive has an eventual most-of-the-year plaque for every big win in the Olympics.

All this indignantly is not as heretofore



as it seems at first glance. The burgeoning collection of monesties, regardless of race, color or creed, values these few awards that are given for outstanding achievement. Say, the Governor-General's awards for literature. And while awards for civil accomplishments are usually awarded by a good deal of publicity the Governor-General's awards to be presented in Ottawa May 18, will be handed out with as much secrecy as possible. And furthermore they will be grossly mismanaged.

Imagine if you will the Stanley or Grey cups being presented to the winning play-

on some six months after the teams have quit the field—and there you have the G-G awards. As things stand the six winners, English and French-speaking, adjudged authors of the best fiction, non-fiction and poetry published in 1977, will be awarded as quickly as possible some six months after their books have become unavailable in most shops.

The situation is totally absurd.

Fortunately, the Canada Council, which hands-out the generous \$5,000 cheque, gives to each winner, would grant publishers and writers on cultural welfare before they would do something to help them help themselves. It takes no time to grasp that the awards for 1977 should be presented in the autumn of 1977, with as much publicity as possible, while the books are still actually being bought and read.

The Canada Council might learn from both the National Book Awards in the United States and the Booker Prize in Britain. In the United States a short list of National Book Award nominees is published in advertisements across the country a good month before the final awards are made, in the hope of generating a large readership—a lot of money. In Britain, a similar short list for the Booker Prize is made available to the press, and the award itself is most widely announced in November at the height of the book-buying season. Furthermore, even before the winner is declared, the relevant publisher is informed in strict confidence so that once the news is made public, he can be ready to strike with advertisements, book-club powers, and a good stock of the novel in question.

Admittedly such a proposal if adapted to the G-G awards here, would smother it under a mass of the winning books would be presented and maybe even sold in quantity, enabling both publishers and writers to profit. There's another problem: Shifting the G-G awards to the autumn of the books' actual publication would mean a break with tradition. It calls for faith and imagination—as much as it would take to drive Maggie Smith to present the ACTRA awards in Toronto next spring. And so it's unlikely that anything will be done.

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## Theatre

Bernie Slade knows us better than we think

TRIBUTE

By Bernard Slade

The most successful Canadian play ever written has never waned in popularity in its own country. Two years ago when it was nominated for Toronto critics' annual Chalmers Award, the review mentioned that of national success for the award for this best Canadian play of 1976 went to Canada's Bernard Slade and his Broadway comedy *Some Time, Next Year*. If Slade ever heard the news in his Los

and the heart that lurked beneath the shallow stream of old Hollywood play, Slade was perhaps holding out the one scenario for most. No analysis of his sexual history will be surprised to learn that it is another made his son Ted (Robert Pasardo), still bitter about his parents' divorce and something many he saw in a Beverly Hills cabin 15 years ago.

Here's where the Canadian play surfaces. Ted's mother has remarried and moved to Canada, where Ted has been



Catherine McKinnon, Robert Pasardo and Jack Lemmon in "Tribute" as well-received bowed

Angelo aside, he hears no music, a quality foreign to the natives of rain with blood-way has still running after three years. His new play, *Tribute*, has spent May in Toronto on its pre-empted progress in New York. Canadian critics will have a nightmare about this one. On the surface, *Tribute* may seem as all-American as the earlier piece, but inside is a very Canadian play indeed.

In New York, *Tribute* will seem no more than a well-made play to star-ouglled showbiz. In a famous blending of elements of Hollywood court, the Academy Awards dinner and American Day, it pays homage to all the unknown soldiers of showbiz's obnoxious pupa, named on here by Sondheim. *Tribute* is a failed screw-comedy, vicious producer and back hat to his petri he's a prison—a hero of Algonquin Hall legend, the man who sends friends straight on backstage plays before by phone and murder. Canada's wife for a party girl. And for his wife, he's a star, played with packish grace by Jack Lemmon.

In case that's not enough, he's also dying of cancer. Sooner by one old drinking partner, discarded notes and nostalgic call girls keep up to tell of his first on-screen

career. As a result, he is a staff permanent youth, great to wearing, able to turn him and a speech-given prep-school producer, who performs the Museum of Modern Art to wearing, 42nd Street, Indies with Dad. Before I die I want to say and teach him how to have fun," says Sondheim. He does mean that. By the end of the evening, the boy confirms his long-upon it was then every of Dad's glittering life. He doesn't want to be Canadian. His spiritual home is Beverly Hills too.

It's as honest statement of how a good many Canadian artists and writers feel deep down. The play's less than in one-act, in debt to a fair comedy than itself. Noell Coward's *Present Laughter*, Sondheim a huge and lost version of Coward's Gary Essexman, leaving deceptions from the heart of his disarming govt with his a private holder. But when Coward's first, Ted's first, he's a star, played with packish grace by Jack Lemmon. Sondheim needs knowledge to justify Sondheim's view of a Coward's apology for his life in a proud non-epitaphy. Sondheim is Canadian in the words of youth, 40% up to 40%

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# Music

Everything's coming up Peter



A year and a half ago, Peter Allen thought his show business comeback had permanently stalled in a small nightclub in Philadelphia. "I was playing every night to about 20 bored people," he recalls. But on May 11, in the twilight glow of the Wildcat Awards, the Australian-born entertainer received the "Entertainer of the Year" award from the national U.S. entertainment magazine. After that, the citation accompanying the award, which has been

Allen, who was not in shape as you see from your in-business like Day-Glo business

bestowed on a crowd-bait performance from Mae West and Lucille Ball to Ann-Margret and Barry Manilow, praises Allen for "singing, dancing and dancing songs," and "generating a whole-hat excitement that has dramatically enriched his personal life in the last year."

The fact is that Allen, at 33, is the most

exotic trade-and-tailor performer since Wladimir Valentzino Liberman dropped his first two names. Like Liberman, Allen gives his audience a taste of 180 countries in every dollar. Unlike Liberman, Allen appeals to all sensibilities—saved from professions by the strains of stress, avoiding homosexuality by wit and mockery. He puts on probably the best coherent act to be found today—a fact to be pointed out by people who know him only through his half-dozen albums since these supply the indifferent Allen voice but none of his exuberant personality.

In a typical performance, he bounds on stage in a Day-Glo sequenced suit, orange under there, a 1950s Eisenhower point shirt, a man of red and white carnations in his hand. Strutting the piano bench, he seems at right angles to his body as he sings out chords; he will run through a melody of his own songs, from tender ballads like "I Honestly Love You," and "Enterfield Soldier," a touching evocation of his youth in Australia, to the pounding rhythms of "Confidential American" and "I Got a Right" (his biggest hit, now out on a single). As the beat grows more insistent, the audience caught up in Allen's epidemic enthusiasm, claps and sways. Allen tears off his shirt, then his pants, and gyrates rhythmically on a slippery T-shirt and slungby, patched red pants. When the number is finished, audiences always screen for more; Allen always obliges.

The dimed Philadelphia nightclub Allen has even forgotten the name) seems light-year away—but it really was the beginning of the reawakening of Peter Allen. One of the persons who caught his show there later in 1976 was Bill Anthony, whose brother Dee manages such headliners as Frank Zappa. "Bill told Dee he should cover me the act and he did," says Allen, adding characteristically, "You see, my problem is that people always say, 'I like you, but everyone else is going to think you're just too weird.' [Dee kind of] says Anthony now of the decision to take over—management of Allen's career. "We felt Peter's act is universal—he has this rare ability to communicate with an audience on a one-to-one basis."

Anthony's job as Allen's new manager was to find him bigger audiences. To see that Allen could play to thousands, not one. How did he work the miracle? "I didn't change my act," Allen explains. "Dee just booked me in different kinds of places—rock places—so that I got new, younger crowds."

Relating recently at the offices of A&M Records in New York, a well-tanned Allen, clad in blue jeans and a huge army-style shirt, reflected on his checkered show-business career. A poster's son, he left school at the age of 14, and joined with Chris Bell to form the Allan Brothers (though they are not related). From Australia, the Allen Brothers spent three years bouncing from Taiwan to Korea to Hong

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King. By the age of 19, Peter and Chris had become fixtures in the lounge of the Hong Kong Hilton. There young Allen met Judy Garland, who was to have immense personal and professional influence on his life. "She told me I resembled her first husband," Allen remembers wryly, "and I thought, 'What a nice thing to say!'"

But Allen soon became a Garland fan, traveling to Japan, England and later to the United States with her. The Allen brothers often opened her shows and one of Peter's best-known ballads, "Quiet Please, There's a Lady in the House," is a tribute to Garland. In Tokyo, the introverted daughter Lisa to the young Astaire—they were engaged in 1934, married in 1937, and divorced in 1934 (after being apart for four years)—"We broke up for all the obvious reasons: the ones they write movies about: Gail became a big star. Husband stays home. Lisa staying home is a little worse for her husband." In fact he broke up with Lisa and with his partner Chris (now a dying actress in Washington) on the same day. "All of a sudden I didn't have either of them and it felt great," he says. He moved down to Greenwich Village, ended his involvement with blue prints, and began to write songs. The first big hit was a hit for fellow Australian Olivia Newton-John: *I Wanna Be Your Man* because one of her biggest selling singles.

Allen broke into performer recognition as well. He got his start together at Radio Sweeney's, a small New York nightclub popular with New York's gay community. He has been called "gaysexual," and the first male pop star of the '70s with a flamboyant gay style, but his business is not over questions about his own sexuality. "Am I gay? My God, nobody's ever asked me that! Well, I don't want to be typed as anything. Bisexual? That's just another sexual stereotype. I never want to define myself. That's just not important to me." Still, one of Allen's sweet songs, "Five Days, Women without a Poor Marine Hatch and Lyndon Carter Buyer Sugar is, according to Allen himself, "probably the first non-queering gay song." And during his first Allen Men to put the audience on by saying "I guess by now you are wondering, 'Is he or isn't he?'" After a meaningful pause, he continues, "Well, I am." (very long pause) — Australia. It brings down the house.

Then, Allen has given up most of the complete portrait that made him a fixture at New York club society before he moved to California almost two years ago. "I knew all the people," he says. "No why should I go? I could get kicked out of parties in New York for doing what I was paid to do—sing." He views his own success with the music industry that characterizes his most famous ballads: he's not holding his breath. "People tell me I'm going to be the next postmodernist but I won't be. Seattle's opening for Rob N. No, and nobody had ever heard of me. 'Post who?' they asked." People won't be asking for long. **BY CHRIS VIVIANO**

## Films

### A stroll on the wild side



**PRETTY DAVEY**

Directed by Louis Malle

Take a 12-year-old child prostitute, the daughter of a bookie in Austin in Storyville, New Orleans' red-light district, at the turn of the century. Take E. J. Bellocq, the dwarfish and otherwise misanthropic photographer, who became famous only posthumously for his atmospheric pictures of Storyville's whorls. And take the fact that New Orleans just was born on the heels of Storyville, among whose piazas were men like the legend-dyke Jelly Roll Morton. Out of these elements one could have arrived at an amazing film—especially with the help of Al Rose's well-researched book *Storyville*, which contains an expert interview with a former child whore.

But the film that Louis Malle made out of this material is curiously unreflecting

and, for all its vivid reportage, painful. It errs peculiarly in two unreflected directions simultaneously. On the one hand it romanticizes its story. Bellocq is now an outwardly decent, handsome young man (Keith Carradine), capable of falling in love deeply with the prostitute Blanche (Susan Sarandon) and gradually but deeply with her daughter, the 12-year-old Violet (Brooke Shields). Though in some ways hardened by circumstance, Violet is still able to feel and to love for the photographer. The border is depicted as a place of almost constant beauty in sunshine, women's corsets, and the rich but faded cinematography of Sven Nykvist (legendary Benjamin's cameraman). On the other hand, the characters are often shallow, sometimes totally unengaged. This is not the toughness of the whorehouse world (to which—as Al Rose's book shows—children adapted with frightening ease), but a

moderately dispassionate documen-tary, ruminating and unaccepting. Despite its range, it cannot reach where it without creating any shock of conscience.

Perhaps the problem is that Malle picked in his co-creator a production de-

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aguer. Pretty Plain, the ex-wife had former director Peter Bogdanovich as the film's bookie much more disguised than writers. The characters, even the machine (merely played by Frances Paele) and her fur are emblematic of the era. Anthony Page (as the Mexican-like character) and Suzanne manage to require a minimum of personality out of their parts. Keith Canadiana confirms his intrinsic humor and money, and Rocco Stodola, though involving, is not enough serious, or even sympathetic, to carry the film.

There seems to have been some self-consciousness here, for the continuity is sometimes jerky and the film is too careful not to do what it's doing. It's ridiculous for the Saskatchewan and Ontario consorts to be in Saskatchewan. There is more, but the film has a lot to offer to filmgoers in its originality as it beats evidence of artistic integrity. With considerable elegance and fluidity, *Pretty Baby* manages to stay absolutely solid. **A**

## M.I.S.S.E.D.

FIRST  
Directed by Norman Jewison

Cleveland, 1938: issues are hard, and police and company cops are working arm in arm. "We need peace," says Johnny Kovale, the character Sylvester Stallone plays in Norman Jewison's *F.I.S.T.* It's an acronym for Federation of American Traders and Kowals, on behalf of Local 902, is about to issue violence as the appropriate response to the violence of the trucking company bosses. Local 902 isn't alone in needing, perhaps, the police, but it is, in the form of some once solid connection with an audience.

The lack, unfortunately, is consistent in Jewison's work. Nine 37, he started his career with brilliant work for the very department, and his strengths seem to have been both an available rapport with performers and great showmanship in a choice

**Stallone the star, and (surprisingly) time**  
**Stallone the boss and gonna by his time**

## New proof that nice guys finish last

John Roberts, a member of his staff said recently in tones of wonder, "worried that job." And then added incredulously, "But he's packed into his last 10 months as secretary of state as much bawling as he's got." Roberts has now outdone himself with the old boss who he's engineered the demise of. Michael Spencer, 55, founding executive director of the Canadian Film Development Corporation. In order to replace him with a minister of the Crown power guru, Michael McCabe, 40.

Spencer, one of the handful of people who created the role of the Canadian feature industry, discovered just before Easter that he was to be replaced by McCabe, apparently for want of sufficient artistic and technical success. He learned the hard way in a Toronto story—not from Roberts. Where the cabinet finally approved McCabe's appointment on April 27, Spencer was told about this first by McCabe's.

Spencer had expected to stay in office until late, when he and the crew would take well-deserved bows at the Canadian Film Awards. The industry reacted with hostility to Roberts said to McCabe: executive assistant to Mitchell Sharp from 1963 to 1966 and currently assistant deputy minister of the ministerial conference and corporate affairs, who has no experience in his art.

Canadian filmmakers have often criticized Spencer for being too much of a



Spencer must be always the last to know?

clashy through either the rigors of the industrial film business, or the intrigues of Ottawa's political waters. But Spencer about Spencer the man has never varied. T. H. "Budge" Crowley, one of the few private producers on the Canadian scene back in 1940 when Spencer entered film through Crowley's firm and later, the new sums up Spencer's decade at work: "I've done Michael has a lot of things, though Spencer was a heavy means of its importance that, 10 years ago he insisted on a U.S. distribution contract whenever possible as a condition for cranking up any English-language film.

The other failed Roberts promised to legislative assistance for distribution of Canadian film. Yet the new film policy he announced about the time he was replacing Spencer has made no changes or improvements. Without such changes McCabe will never be able to continue his role as marketer. **A**

the results have been modest and more. He should be looking on a good ground with *F.I.S.T.*, a multi-generational sign about a union leader's rise to power who is in company with the career of the late Tomlinson like Jimmy Hobbie Johnny Kovale, the film's protagonist, began as a young idealist fighting for the rights of the working man, only to end up 20 years later

money and the background as a millionaire—? I learned the basic marketing trade with Lew Rosen and later in all marketing Michael Spence — are clearly what he's accomplished is about. "Roberts suggested to me that the industry has reached the point where it could take off, but we're short in the entire renewal area. The government and the economy dictate a much-needed approach, so I propose to be not a film maker but a banker and marketer."

Just weeks ago McCabe was still on the short list of candidates to become everything from director of the Metro Toronto Zoo to some of the most prestigious civil service posts in Ottawa. What a turnaround, has statement is the notion that slack when the crowd will be taken up and turned to point by modern, aggressive management.

The fact that not making money is not Roberts' then Spencer's after all. Predecessors don't make money unless their firms get international distribution, primarily from one of the eight U.S. majors. Canadian film has rarely enjoyed this privilege, though Spencer was no heavy means of its importance that, 10 years ago he insisted on a U.S. distribution contract whenever possible as a condition for cranking up any English-language film.

The other failed Roberts promised to legislative assistance for distribution of Canadian film. Yet the new film policy he announced about the time he was replacing Spencer has made no changes or improvements. Without such changes McCabe will never be able to continue his role as marketer. **A**

fighting a vigorous action against the problems of a future consumer movement, between labor and organized crime. The new wide and American government as well as directly has brought assembled the physical and necessary to restructure three decades. Yet somehow *F.I.S.T.* never rises above the merely painful, if distant, past.

The main problem is that it does not adequately delineate the main character's moral predicament and for the Stallone has to shoulder much of the responsibility. For as for, Kovic's system has resulted him to have a hard time in the world (in the Exclusion). For another, Stallone—built, awkward and hard-chested, pendulum lower lip formed in a perpetual scowl—on screen from start to finish and plays throughout on one note. The supporting actors need to get lost as the staff (even as the invigorating mentor, Rod Steiger, who seldom gets lost in any subplot). "You know what the problem is?" Johnny Kovale says to his best friend and comrade Alie (Kovic) shortly before the end. "We should never have left the old neighborhood." The trouble with *F.I.S.T.* is less where it came from than a lack of sense of where it's headed. **A**

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# Everything you wanted to ask about Canada but were afraid to know

Column by Allan Fotheringham

Spring is officially signalled with the arrival of the Fotheringham All-Canadian Current Events Whiz Quiz. Since Walterhouse is monitoring the contest. Because of demand, entries are restricted one to a consumer. Marks will be awarded for brevity.

1. The Liberals, having ruled Canada for the past 37 years, are being ousted with their own money. Have invented a foolproof recipe for the coming election. Bring Tories. They purchased Jack Horner for a cabinet seat. Newella Tory Jack Marshall got the Senate. Gordon Fawcett because he's an eight-night commissioner. Halfway Mr. John McCreave went to the bench. Whom do you suggest the Liberals purchase next?

(a) John Dinkelaker? (b) Maurice McTeer? (c) John Wayne?

2. Please do an essay explaining in some detail why Tiger Williams of the Toronto Maple Leafs should be held up as a model for your children. A maximum of 20 words is considered sufficient.

3. Outline three major quotes of Joe Clark's political career that you are drawn to. Be brief.

4. Sullivan General Jean-Jacques Blais admits that 24 of his files over two years dealing with electronic surveillance have gone missing. How, he points out, it is not certain the files were destroyed—it's not that the documents "were there." Would you trust Mr. Blais with (a) your lunch? (b) your bus fare? (c) your police?

5. Do you feel that René Simard and Herve Michon are clones? Explain.

6. Ontario movie censor Donald Sans has banned the film *Play Dirty* not because of content but because he doesn't agree with them. Please examine what Mr. Sans' attitude would be toward (a) Macbeth? (b) Jack and the Beanstalk? (c) *Blazing Saddles*?

7. Please give us your thoughts on the fact that Atomic Energy of Canada Chairman Ross Campbell accepted a free ride to Argentina at the same time as AECL was attempting to sell an atomic reactor to that country. Remember this is a family journal.

8. Who is Ed Broadbent? Explain why.

9. Claude Wagner, originally a Quebec Liberal cabinet minister, was bought off the bench by way of a \$300,000 trust fund to become a Tory. The Liberals have now

bought him and opened up his Quebec seat by appointing him to the Senate. (He still receives the interest from the stock fund.) Please estimate what it would take for the rest to purchase Mr. Wagner. Social Credit? The Gyno Club?

10. Toronto Argonauts have been recalled (what he had here a convicted drug addict). Senator Maurice Dodelme, Don Reese as a lieutenant. Whom do you think



the Argos could really use to help their team? (a) Josh the Rapper? (b) Lester Borden? (c) Joe Kiri?

11. The Commons questions period is now televised. What do you feel it reminds you of most? (a) Gelpies? (b) *The Edge of Night*? (c) *The Gong Show*?

12. Harold Ballard, the wealthy owner of hockey's Toronto Maple Leafs, has bought football's Hamilton Tiger-Cats. Do you feel this will (a) weaken Hamilton? (b) put Ballard in touch with common working people? (c) none of the above?

13. Contribute a brief essay on the magic girl for sporting talent that has resulted in Mr. Trudeau's choice of the last four subsequent men.

14. Do you think there would be all this trouble in Ontario if Joe Clark were alive? (a) The Social Credit government of B.C.—which 30 years ago had the honor of contributing the first cabinet minister in Commons history to go to jail for accepting bribes—is composed of capital puns, riddles and car deliveries. It has now charged one of its own ministers, ex-Rhodes scholar Jack Davis, with fraud concerning converting first-class airline tickets to economy. Are the *Socialists* troubled due to the financial acumen of politicians? Or the ethics of our dealers?

15. Now that you have had a chance to observe him under fire, how would you rate Jeremy Campbell? (a) History Teacher with a better idea? (b) Lyndon Johnson with a better accent? (c) Billy Carter with a slightly better education?

16. Justice Minister Ron Atwood has decided not to prosecute Tony ate Tem Court for violating the Official Secrets Act but has charged *The Toronto Star* for revealing the same material while giving a TV, which used the same "secret" material. Does this indicate that (a) the Liberals are afraid of making Court a martyr? (b) the Liberals are so dumb as to prosecute a popular, anti-Liberal tabloid? (c) cabinet ministers don't stay up late enough to watch TV?

17. The "Secrets" that Court and *The Toronto Star* had received as it turns out had been distributed in 50 copies to various government departments. Would you trust this government with (a) your lunch? (b) your bus fare? (c) your country?

18. Explain in 250 words why Fred Davis would make such a wonderful prime minister.

19. Sen. Lila President Thomas Galt who first announced that the insurance company was moving from Montreal to Toronto because of language reasons and later admitted it was for business reasons refuses to say what proportion of 350,000 called proxy votes in favor of the move were from Canada. (Only one third of Sen. Lila's 1,000,000 policy holders are Canadians.) Does this (a) make you feel sorry for Montreal? (b) reinforce your faith in Tomatoes? (c) convince anything you've always felt about life insurance executives?

20. Explain the three reasons why you are no longer nervous about Lévesque.

21. George Radwanski, in his book on Pierre Trudeau, says the first is not a failure but merely "unlabeled." With unemployment at one million, the dollar diving below 90 cents and a separatist government in Quebec, please repair to the dictionary and look up the meaning of "unlabeled." Send your findings to Mr. Radwanski.

22. Finance Minister Jean Charest says the Liberals miserably have been business, "but the alternative is awful." Do you feel Mr. Charest (a) should be rewarded for his honesty? (b) complimented for his sense of humor? (c) awarded an oil-flick? Choose one.



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